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SPRING

BY C C TYLER.

When I am weary, and the spirit flags,
Spent with life's struggle, and too dull for prayer,
One haven of delight is still mine own,
All unassailed by care.

In that dear realm the fancy wanders free,
And drinks unsullied joy at every well;
My years are lost in the eternal youth
Of thy sweet spell.

Too old for innocence, too young for rest,
My troubled spirit wanders to thy feet,
Beloved Spring!—with ever new delight,
I feel thy heart's strong beat.

For ever new the radiance of thy smile,
Thy tender waking out of sleep, how new!
All else is changing that is not yet changed,
But thou remainest true.

Breathe on my cheek for breath that Death hath stayed,
And kiss my lips from lips that are no more,
Or bring the fragrance of undying Spring
From Heaven's far shore.

And if in sunless cities haunts I stray,
And lose thy birds and flowers, this grace still bring,—
That somewhere I may know thou art on Earth,
That some see Spring!

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a soaking wet afternoon, with a cutting March wind. It seemed as if winter and spring had united all their most disagreeable qualities. The sky was covered with one continuous gray cloud, the streets were muddy, the rain dripped from the doorways and the overhanging cornices of the shop fronts, making pools in the inequalities of the flags. The policemen looked drenched notwithstanding their waterproof capes, and from each umbrella carried by the few pedestrians whom necessity compelled to be abroad ran small cascades. It was a steady, determined rain, which might to all appearance continue for a week without stopping.

A young lady turned at the corner of a street, and held up her finger as she saw an omnibus approaching. The driver observed the signal and drew up. There was just room for one. The young lady took the vacant seat next the door, and the omnibus rattled on.

She was a slight, fair girl of about two-and-twenty years of age, with soft hazel eyes and light brown hair. There was nothing very striking about her face; her complexion was pale, and her features, though delicate, were not sufficiently regular to be called handsome. There was a downward curve about the lips, and a slight contraction about the well developed brow, which betokened sadness, or perhaps weariness, and her head drooped slightly, as a flower does when the dew is heavy upon it. She was plainly dressed in a dark blue serge and black hat, and had wrapped about her a large gray woolen shawl with a heavy fringe.

She glanced listlessly at her fellow passengers, her eyes resting at last upon the person who sat opposite to her.

He was an undersized man, with swarthy complexion, and dark hair that twisted itself into little corkscrew ringlets; his nose was narrow and aquiline, his thin and wide lips were never still for an instant, his eyes were small and black, and placed too near together. He had neither beard nor moustache, though he could scarcely be called clean shaved, as the black stubble on his face appeared of several days' growth. He wore a brown great coat with a fur collar, but the fur was considerably rubbed about the neck, and one of the buttons of the coat hung loose. His black gloves were out at the fingers, and his hat too had seen better days. He presented altogether a "seedy" appearance, but affected to carry it off jauntily.

The young lady, much given to speculation as to the character of those whom chance threw in her way, set him down as an adventurer, not over scrupulous probably, and began to wonder what errand he was then bent upon—moralising at the same time upon the little benefit such people appear to derive from their schemes, which must often cost them more time and labor than earning money in an honest way.

Presently one of the little man's hands dived into a side pocket and drew out a pocketbook; then it dived again for a pencil; and, this proving to be without a point, he brought out a knife to cut it, first pulling off his gloves. The young lady then noticed that he wore what appeared to be a very valuable antique ring upon the little finger of his not over-clean brown hand. The central stone of the ring was a splendid opal, several other small gems being set round it. It was a remarkable ring—one which, having been once seen, could easily be recognised again.

The little man, after looking over his pocketbook, took out a paper, and made a memorandum; and then, glancing through the door window of the omnibus, he began hastily to put up his book. While clasping it, his umbrella, which he had held between his knees, fell forward against the young lady's dress.

"Pardon," he said, in a foreign accent, stretching out his hand for the umbrella.

But it had caught in the heavy fringe of the shawl. The young lady was going to extricate it, but the man was too quick for her—his fingers must have been accustomed to nimble work. He hailed the conductor, and, snatching up his gloves, got out. The young lady had the curiosity to look after him to see where he was going. He did not put up his umbrella, but ran quickly across the street, and rang the bell at the private door of a large china and glass shop. She did not discover whether he was admitted, for the omnibus rolled on, and she lost sight of him.

It grew rapidly dark; the rain came down as fast as ever, as the omnibus stopped at its destination and the young lady descended. She had then a walk of about ten minutes. She hurried along, the wind blowing in gusts which made it difficult for her to shelter herself under the umbrella. After continuing for a few hundred yards along the road, she turned down a narrow lane leading to a mews. A little way farther on a door was let into a wall. Here she stopped, and, drawing out a latch-key, opened the door, and crossed a small paved courtyard. From this another door, opening with a latch, led to a passage, on one side of which was a kitchen, at the end of a staircase, and opposite the kitchen another door, through which the young lady entered.

Here the scene suddenly changed. A pleasant home picture presented itself, forming a contrast to the gloomy wet evening out of doors. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate. Crimson curtains were drawn across the one window, and a lamp on the table dimly shadowed some fine engravings on the walls, and more vividly the damask tablecloth, and the tray with its pretty china—while the kettle singing on the fire, a loaf on a wooden platter, a cold ham, and a glass plate of preserves beside the butter dish betokened preparations for needful refreshment.

Before the tea tray sat a fair comely dame of about five-and-forty, her cheeks still blooming, her hair glossy and luxuriant; and on a stool before the fire a younger lady had placed herself, one not far removed from girlhood.

"You are late, Bertha," said the fair matron, as the new comer entered.

"Yes, mamma—late and wet and tired," Bertha returned. "I will just go and take off my things, and then I will tell you what I have been doing."

"Make haste," said her mother; "we have been waiting tea this half hour. What is it that glitters hanging to the fringe of your shawl?" she added, as Bertha turned to leave the room.

"Something that glitters?" questioned Bertha, taking off her shawl to examine it.

A cry of surprise, almost of alarm, escaped her. There, hanging to the fringe, was the opal ring she had observed on the finger of her opposite neighbor in the omnibus!

She hastily disengaged it; it was the same in truth that had attracted her attention on the hand of her fellow passenger.

"Oh, mamma, what is to be done?" she cried, feeling for the moment as if she ought instantly to start off again in the rain to find the owner. "A man who sat opposite to me in the omnibus had this ring on—I particularly noticed it. His umbrella fell against my knee just before he got out, and in taking it up the ring must have caught. What had I better do?"

"You needn't look so alarmed about it," said the young lady who had been sitting before the fire, rising and going towards her sister to look at the ring; "you won't be accused of having stolen it, I dare say."

The elder lady also rose—it was such a strange incident—quite exciting.

"Let me look at it," she said; "and—good gracious, child, how wet you are! Run up stairs directly and change your things—you can't go out again to-night, at any rate."

Bertha still hesitated for a few moments.

"No," she said at last, "I don't think I can go out again to-night. He was such a strange looking little man that my curiosity was excited, and I noticed where he stopped. But I suppose to-morrow will do."

"To be sure to-morrow will do," replied Mrs. Dalton. "Go and change your dress immediately—you will be catching your death of cold."

"I waited some time at Mrs. Beaumont's in the hope that it might clear a little," said Bertha, giving the ring to her mother, who held out her hand for it. "I am like a drowned rat," she added, running off. "Please make the tea, mamma."

When she returned tea was ready. The younger lady sat at the table with her back to the fire, slipping the ring on and off her finger.

She was very beautiful. Her features were classical in their regularity; her hazel eyes were fringed with long eyelashes, which, like her finely-pencilled eyebrows, were several shades darker than her golden hair. Her skin was wax-like in its delicacy, relieved by the rich carnation of the cheeks and lips. Her figure, of rather above the middle height, was slight, though well rounded, and her movements displayed an indolent grace which harmonised with the calm unemotional expression of the lovely face.

"It is certainly a valuable ring," observed Mrs. Dalton, as Bertha took her seat at the table.

"I wish it were mine," said Madelina, or Lena, as she was always called; and again she placed the jewel on her finger, looking admiringly at the fair hand thus adorned.

"But it isn't yours," opposed Bertha. "To-morrow, as soon as I leave Mrs. Paget's, I will go to the house I saw the man stop at, and make inquiries. How glad I am I happened to notice!"

Hunger had first to be appeased, and then she examined the ring minutely. Round the opal that had first attracted her attention were five small stones forming a sort of horseshoe, and below was a tiny gold heart. The setting was of exquisite workmanship, and probably, from the style, dated back two centuries. It was no doubt an old family relic.

"I think these stones must be intended for some word," said Bertha. "They must be, because they are so curiously mixed; see, this second one is a bit of jasper only. The first is opal, then come jasper, diamond, emerald, and sapphire."

"O-J-D-E-S," spelt Lena—"that's nonsense."

"Stop," returned Bertha. "Isn't the opal sometimes called fiery stone? And the 'j' might stand for 'i.' I have it—F-I-D-E-S, 'fides'—there is no doubt of it. I dare say it has been a betrothal ring."

"I wish you would get on with your tea, girls," observed Mrs. Dalton. "The ring is both beautiful and curious, but it isn't much to us. It is sure to be claimed."

"I hope so, mamma," said Bertha; "though I must confess, from the general appearance of the little man in the omnibus, I should much doubt whether it came honestly into his possession."

"How should you know that, Bertha?" inquired Mrs. Dalton.

"Of course I don't know, mamma," replied Bertha. "It's only my surmise."

Tea being finished, Mrs. Dalton put away the sugar and preserve in the heavy, old-fashioned sideboard, and rang for the servant to clear away. Bertha went to her work-box, and taking out a small piece of silver paper, she wrapped the ring in it, and placed it in her purse.

"Stay there till to-morrow, when I hope your owner will be found," she said; and then she brought out her writing-desk—she had some exercises in harmony to correct for her pupils.

Lena also rose for her work. As she did so it might be seen that she had a trailing skirt of dark blue under her well-fitting black velvet tunic. As Sarah took away the white cloth, Lena placed on the crimson tablecover a dainty little work basket containing some point lace work similar to the collar and cuffs she had on.

"I wish you would make room for me on that side of the table, Lena—I am so cold," said Bertha, with a shiver, as she stood with the desk in her hand.

"I am cold, too," Lena returned, as she edged away a little.

"Have you been out to-day?" Bertha asked, as she seated herself in the space left for her.

"Out! No, I should think not, on such a wet day as it has been," was the reply.

"It was no wetter for you than for me," observed Bertha.

"You forget the difference, Bertha," put in Mrs. Dalton, as she took up the magazine she had been reading while waiting tea. "You know I could not allow Lena to go about by herself—and I could not go out in the wet."

Bertha understood what her mother meant by "the difference;" Lena was Bertha's senior by sixteen months, and she could not recollect the time when it had not been impressed upon her that Lena was a beauty, while she had nothing to boast of in the way of good looks. Sometimes, in these latter days, Bertha wondered, if her father had lived, and they had been a little better off, she being thus released from the necessity of working so hard, whether she might not have been brighter and fairer. Surely it was no wonder if her cheeks were sometimes pale and her eyes heavy; and it was hard to be found fault with for want of vivacity when she often felt so weary.

Bertha, however, both by temperament and education, was inclined to make the best of things. It was only when she felt overtired and depressed that her case seemed hard; and then it occurred to her that her elder sister might share her labors. In the general way she was content. She enjoyed her pleasant home when she returned to it after her day's work, and, though their acquaintance was not large, they had a few agreeable friends in whose society she was happy. Then there were always holidays to look forward to. No, Bertha Dalton was not unhappy; she had the pleasant conscience of duty fulfilled, and the ennui that Lena often complained of was to her unknown. She was too imaginative not to suffer from occasional fits of depression; but she shook them off courageously, and went on her way in full confidence that the path which seemed marked out for her was so ordered by Providence, and must consequently be the right one for her to pursue.

CHAPTER II.

ON three days in the week Bertha gave lessons in music and singing at a school, and these occupied nearly the whole of the day; on the intervening days she had other lessons. But there were intervals between, and on the morning after the discovery of the ring she took advantage of one of these intervals, and set off to find the house she had seen the man stop at on the evening before.

She had no difficulty in recognising the china and glass shop, and, thinking her best plan would be to make inquiry there first, she went in. A young man came forward, and she explained her errand, without however specifying the lost article.

It was as she had been inclined to suspect—the upper part of the house did not belong to the owners of the shop, but was let out in apartments. They had only one occupant at present—a lady lately come from abroad. If the man rang at the private door, he had most likely called to see that lady, the shopman said. He advised Bertha to ring and ask for Mrs. Lemont.

Accordingly Bertha went to the private door and rang. It was opened by a stout elderly man-servant, who, on learning her errand, ushered her upstairs. He showed her into the drawing room, placed a chair for her, and said he would tell his mistress.

"Mrs. Lemont will not know my name," said Bertha, as she gave the man her card; "but please say I will not detain her many minutes."

Bertha had to wait a while, during which time she had leisure to take a survey of the room. It was furnished much like the generality of better class lodgings; but there were articles scattered about that seemed to indicate luxurious and expensive habits on the part of the present occupants. The centre table was graced with a bouquet of rare hot-house flowers. Near them lay an opera glass set in mother of pearl and ormolu, and a fan of peacock's feathers. An open workbox displayed the gold mountings within, and an Indian cashmere was thrown negligently over the arm of the couch. A small white poodle, which sprang up with a shrill bark as Bertha entered, had been reposing in a basket lined with quilted crimson silk, and in a gilt cage by the window were a pair of Java sparrows.

Presently the door opened, and a richly and rather showily dressed lady came forward—a lady still young, and with considerable personal attractions, though the high color and the abundant dark tresses were not without suspicion of some aid from art. But the expression of the face was not agreeable, owing to the hard lines of the thin lips, and the cold glitter of the black eyes, which were set too near together.

Whether it was due to this circumstance, or to some vague resemblance that could not be put into words, Bertha fancied she detected a likeness between the person before her and her fellow traveler of the evening before. And yet what relationship could exist, she asked herself, between the handsome and well dressed woman and that decidedly shabby and disreputable looking personage?

Bertha reseated herself at Mrs. Lemont's invitation, and again briefly related that she had found an article she had noticed in the possession of a person in the omnibus in which she had happened to be riding, and that the person had alighted and rung at Mrs. Lemont's door. Again she did not name the article found; she felt a distrust of the woman in whose presence she found herself. She observed that at the mention of the man of whom she gave a slight description, Mrs. Lemont changed color, in spite of her rouge.

"It is a curious circumstance," she said, "but I think you must be mistaken in concluding that it was to this door the person you describe came. It was growing dark, you say? You might easily be deceived. I know no such person as you describe; nor did any one call here after four yesterday afternoon."

"Could he have called to see one of the servants?" Bertha suggested.

"It is not likely. We have only just come from abroad. My servants have no acquaintances in London, I believe, but to satisfy you I will ask," said Mrs. Lemont.

She rang the bell. It was answered by the same man who had admitted Bertha.

"Did any one call here about seven o'clock yesterday evening, Perkins?" Mrs. Lemont asked; and Bertha fancied she saw something like a signal of intelligence pass between mistress and man.

"No one at all, marm," the man answered.

"Is it possible that Eliza could have gone to the door?" Mrs. Lemont pursued.

"No, marm—impossible," replied the man. "I was in the house all the afternoon and evening, and Eliza was up stairs at work."

"That will do," said his mistress, and the man retired. "You see," she continued, turning to Bertha, "that we know nothing of the person for whom you inquire. Perhaps he rang at this door by mistake, and then passed on. Was the article lost of any great value?"

"Perhaps valuable enough for the person who lost it to be vexed by the loss," Bertha replied. She was determined not to enter into particulars.

She took leave, and walked away slowly, after intimating to Mrs. Lemont that her address was on the card she left.

The wind had conquered: the clouds of the night before had cleared away, and a faint sun shone through a misty atmosphere; nor was it so cold as it had been. Bertha Dalton had a music lesson to give; and, this over, on her way home she called at the place where the omnibus stopped, to ask if any inquiry had been made for a missing article. Receiving an answer in the negative, she left her card and address there also, and then felt she could do no more than watch a certain advertising column of the *Times*.

Judging from the appearance of the man in the omnibus, and the mystery which she felt sure existed respecting his association with the lady she had just seen—a mystery that probably extended itself to his life generally—she thought it more than doubtful whether he would come forward to claim the ring, so she determined to wear it, with a vague idea that some day or other she might meet with its rightful owner. When she reached home, Lena hurried to meet her, a letter in her hand.

"If you had waited only ten minutes longer this morning, you would have had a pleasant surprise," she said.

"And my pupils an unpleasant one in being kept waiting," Bertha rejoined. "What has happened? Who has written?"

"Dear old Lady Langley," replied Lena; "she writes to invite us for a week at the end of April. You will go?"

Bertha's countenance brightened.

"How kind of her to think of us," she said. "Yes, I think I can go. Miss Beaumont gives a fortnight then, and I think I can get my other pupils to let me take a holiday at the same time instead of at Easter. It will be delightful."

"They must know a lot of nice people about there now," remarked Lena, following her sister up stairs; "who knows what may come of it?"

"A pleasant change will come of it, at any rate; I don't look beyond that," said Bertha, smiling.

"I suppose you don't," Lena allowed, sitting down beside her sister's dressing table, while the latter proceeded to dress for the afternoon. "You are such a quiet little mouse, you don't expect to achieve greatness; now I do. But here one sees no one."

"I wish you would make haste and achieve it," said Bertha, half laughing; "you have been talking about it for a long time."

"Only let me have the opportunity," returned Lena, glancing in the cheval glass. "What have you done about the ring?" she asked, as Bertha replaced it on her finger after washing her hands.

Bertha told her, and added, "And now I am going to wear it till it is owned."

"You might as well let me have it; it's just the sort of thing I should like," said Lena.

"No; I go about more than you do, Lena," Bertha opposed; "and after all it may be claimed. What else does Lady Langley say in her letter?"

"She speaks of liking their new situation more and more; she says that they have several pleasant neighbors, and that their estate adjoins Alpington Park."

"Perhaps you intend to set your cap at old Lord Alpington," said Bertha, again smiling; "he is a widower—not above seventy probably—and immensely rich, they say."

"I wonder if that story is true?" said Lena, shrugging her shoulders.

"What story?" asked Bertha, as she arranged the ruff of the plain black silk she generally wore in the afternoon.

"Don't you remember? It was said that his second son disgraced himself in some way, and had to go to America. Then Lord Chalfont, the eldest son, died, and his children too, and now there is no heir to the title and estate."

"I recollect hearing something of it," said Bertha. "Cheer up, Lena; there is all the better chance for you."

"You are always laughing at me, Bertha, but you will see some day that I shall captivate some one better worth having than any one we have met yet," said Lena, pouting.

"You vain creature!" returned Bertha, laughingly. "Well, all I can say is that wealth and title are not to be picked up every day—and you are three-and twenty, Lena."

"Why remind me of my misfortune?" Lena demanded, in a vexed tone.

"I only wish you could meet with some one you could thoroughly like and respect; that would be better than all the titles in the world," said Bertha, speaking in a more serious tone.

"Not to me!" cried Lena. "If old Lord Alpington were to make me an offer, and promise a handsome settlement, I would marry him to-morrow."

"Oh, hush, Lena!" said Bertha. "I can't bear to hear you say such things. Come now, I am quite ready—let us go down to mamma;" and she ran down stairs as if to escape from hearing sentiments that jarred upon her pure and unworldly nature.

CHAPTER III

IN a large room, fitted up to answer the double purpose of sitting room and artist's studio, two young men sat smoking before a glowing fire.

There were three windows in the room; the centre one was raised by an additional row of panes of glass, the lower part being covered with a thick screen of green baize. At a short distance from this window stood an easel, on which rested a large unfinished picture. Other canvasses and several portfolios were ranged against the wall. A table near the easel was spread with colors, oils, brushes, and all a painter's requirements.

At the other end of the room more order prevailed. The table that stood before the fireplace was covered with a green cloth; on one side of the fireplace stood a well filled bookcase, on the other a commodious writing-table. Folding doors led to the bedroom behind. Two comfortable arm chairs were occupied by the smokers, other chairs being taken up by sketches, pieces of drapery, and various odds and ends. On the nearer table stood a bottle and glasses, and a box of cigars.

"It is a deuced bore for you, and no mistake," said the younger of the two, a lively looking young fellow with light hair and laughing blue eyes, a soft moustache just shading his upper lip.

His companion, to whom he addressed himself, was perhaps six or seven and twenty years of age. His complexion was dark and rather pale; his thick and wavy hair set off to advantage the finely formed brow. His eyes were gray, with dark lashes; his lips well moulded, without being full; his somewhat square jaw gave an idea of power and determination. He too wore a moustache; but it was thick and dark like his hair. His figure, though not above the middle height, was athletic, giving the idea of muscular strength developed by exercise. The poise of the head, the general carriage, betokened easy self possession, with perhaps somewhat of *hauteur*. Altogether he was a handsome and distinguished looking man—one that seldom passed unnoticed.

"It is," he replied to his friend's remark; "and the worst of it is I don't see what's to be done."

"Why don't you set the detectives to work?" asked the first speaker.

"I have," rejoined the other, "but they have discovered nothing as yet. I am quite at a loss to account for the robbery. I haven't an enemy that I am aware of in the world. I don't know why I should have."

"And I don't know why I should have," observed the younger man; "and yet my old aunt goes on living, and so keeps me out of a thousand pounds or two. If that isn't being an enemy, I don't know what is!"

"A friend rather, I should say," rejoined his companion. "If you had the money, you would spend it in no time; as it is, you have it to look forward to. You should learn to live on two hundred a year, Douglas."

"It's all very fine for you to talk, old fellow; you've got more than two hundred a year safe. I wish my maternal parent had done as much by me," said Douglas. "But, when you have to live from hand to mouth, and sometimes don't know how to live at all, it's tempting to have a fling now and then when a windfall does come. But, I say, Eustace, have you really determined to change your name? Are you to be known henceforth as St. Lawrence?"

"I have really and truly come to that determination," answered his friend. "I don't choose to assume my real name till my right to do so is acknowledged; nor will I, now that I am coming before the public, continue to use my mother's, and thus run the risk of casting a doubt upon her fair fame."

"Hear him, O ye gods!" cried Douglas, casting up his eyes. "He speaks as if he were going to make his *debut* before the footlights!"

"If I am about to publish a name at all, in a catalogue or otherwise, it comes to about the same thing, I suppose," said Eustace, laughing.

"And what led you to select the name of St. Lawrence, may I ask?" inquired Douglas, choosing a fresh cigar.

"I was brought up on the banks of the river of that name; and when I was a boy I used to watch it flowing onwards till a sort of superstition got possession of me that I was called upon to follow the direction of its waters—that my destiny lay eastwards, over the sea. I knew nothing of my family history then. It is on account of those old associations that I have taken the name of the river," St. Lawrence replied.

"Well, it's lucky the river had such a Christianized sort of name," returned Douglas—"Eustace Mississippi, Esq., or Eustace Potomac, Esq., would have sounded awkward. And so now, pending other matters, you intend to go in for art in good earnest! I like your pluck. I'm afraid, under your circumstances, I should do nothing but loaf."

"What would be the good of that? Besides, I cannot take things lightly. Knowing how I have been wronged, and how difficult it may be to drag the wrongdoer into the light of day, I feel sometimes as if I should go mad, or idiotic, if I hadn't some occupation I could throw all the powers of my mind into," St. Lawrence observed.

"True—O most profound of philosophers, you have sounded the depths of human need," said Douglas. "But how did you find out what powers you had to throw? I didn't think America was much of a place for the fine arts."

"There speaks the Englishman," rejoined St. Lawrence, smiling. "But you forget how many years I spent in traveling over Europe; and during each winter I used to study in one or other of the schools abroad. Then I passed most of my leisure time in sketching—it seemed to me somehow. How do you think that will turn out?" he asked, pointing with his cigar to the unfinished picture on the easel.

"Splendidly," said Douglas.

The subject was a "clearing" in an American forest. The long grass and the trunks of the trees that lay on the ground were lighted up by the sun's rays, which found their way through the "clearing." All around arose the giants of the forest, wreathed with gorgeous creepers, and bearded with gray moss. A solitary backwoodsman sat on a recently felled log, taking his rest, his axe and gun by his side. It was a grand picture of man bringing his skill to bear upon nature.

"Happy mortal that you are!" cried Douglas, after puffing at his cigar for a while. "You can follow out your ideas at will. You have not to await the pleasure of plethoric elderly gentlemen, and insane women, old and young, desirous of having their lovely phizzes handed down to an admiring posterity. You haven't to teach stupid boarding-school girls. By-the-bye, though, I have been meeting lately, at a school where I teach, a most charming little music mistress," he continued, dropping bombast, and returning to his usual tone. "By George! St. Lawrence, I never in my life have felt so inclined to be spoony! Such a dear, gentle girl!—not a beauty exactly, but just the one to make a fellow's home happy."

"Hear, hear!" cried St. Lawrence. "We shall be having Charles Douglas settling down into a family man after all."

"I believe I have it in me to develop the domesticities," Douglas returned, "if I could only get some celebrity or some fashionable beauty to come and be painted, and be the cause of C. D.'s being elected A. R. A. But they are deaf adders all. They don't come, charm I never so wisely—and I'm not going to marry a wife to make a drudge of her. C. D. is not quite so far gone in brutality as that."

"What may be the name of the incomparable fair one?" St. Lawrence asked.

"No, be hanged—that's not fair!" exclaimed Douglas, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire. "I should fear telling you, O glorious Apollo, lest you should go and cut me out. Besides, I don't know precisely. One can't celebrate one's love in mellifluous strains as Miss Smith or Miss Jones, and she may possess some detestable Christian name for anything I know—Sarah Matilda, or Martha Jane, perhaps. I have had an idea of writing her a note, which she must answer; but then probably it would be, "Miss X presents her compliments to Mr. D.;" and besides, if I prefer thinking of her as the charming Amaryllis, what is that to any one?"

"Suppose I find out," said St. Lawrence, laughing. "A half-confidence excites curiosity. As for cutting you out, I'm much less likely to be a bidder in the matrimonial market than you," he added, more gravely. "A man without a name has no business to think of marriage."

"Pshaw! You'll make a name. I only wish I were as sure of it," observed Douglas. "I say, old fellow, I feel confoundedly like getting into the blues. What's the time? Can't we go somewhere?"

"It's early yet. We can go anywhere you like," St. Lawrence replied.

"I vote for a roaring farce," said Douglas.

"As you like," returned St. Lawrence." "And look here—if I were you, I should keep a precious sharp look out when in public; you may get hold of the end of a clew when you don't expect it. Come along."

The young men donned their overcoats, for the easterly winds of March prevailed, and, proceeding down stairs, they passed into the street, and at a brisk pace took the road westward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOON AND WEATHER.—A popular idea is that the weather changes with the moon's quarters. Thus, if the moon change on a Sunday, we are told "there will be a flood before the month is out;" whereas a new moon on a Monday is nearly every where welcomed as being a certain omen not only for fair weather, but good luck. A change, however, on Saturday seems universally regarded as a bad sign. Wednesday in Italy, and Friday in the south of France being regarded as unfavorable days for a change of moon. Again, various omens are made from the aspect of the moon. A pale moon, too, is unfavorable. When the moon's horns appear to point upward it is said to look like a boat, and in many parts there is an idea that when it is thus situated there will be no rain. According to sailors, when the moon is in this position it denotes fine weather. In Liverpool, however, it is considered a sign of foul weather, as the moon is now considered to be like a basin full of water about to fall. Whenever a large planet or large star is seen near the moon, it is said by seafaring men to prognosticate boisterous weather. Many other superstitious fancies are associated with the moon's supposed influence on the weather, varying, of course, in different localities. Thus, a clear moon is generally supposed to augur bright weather in summer and frost in winter.

A queer fact in memory is that of a woman who never knows her own age, but always knows that of her female friends.

Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 19 cents; some, more generous, send us 57 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the POST one year for $2.00. If our friends knew the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 52 copies of the POST. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $2.00 and 19 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one of the Premiums; for $6.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $8.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the POST, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

These Premiums positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Boston, April 11, 1881.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:—Premium earrings received. I am more than pleased with them. I assure you they more than equal my expectation. Accept many thanks for so good a premium. I think a great deal of the Post also. A friend of mine, a jeweler, called to see me the other day, and I showed him my earrings and asked him what he thought of them. He said they were gold and the setting was excellent, first class, and that he never saw anything to imitate the real diamond more closely than the Diamante Brilliants. M. C. N.

Stockton, California, April 5, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received your premium, which I think is well worth the money, not speaking of your paper, which speaks for itself. J. F. C.

Alfred Centre, N. Y., April 12, 1881.

Editor Post:—Papers and premium duly received. Am very much pleased with both. Many thanks for your beautiful present. I am about to leave town, but shall certainly recommend your charming paper wherever I go. G. M. H.

Gypsum, Ottawa Co., Ohio, April 11, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—I am very much pleased with the ring you sent me. It exceeds my expectation. You have my thanks for your splendid paper and premium. Will do all I can for you. H. R. S.

Hassin, N. C., April 12, 1881.

Messrs Editors:—I received your new premium earrings. I am highly pleased with them. I think them well worth the money paid, aside from the paper. I would not be without the paper alone for twice the amount paid for it. A. J. E.

Montevallo, Ala., April 2, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—I received the ring. I am very much pleased with both the ring and the paper. MISS ELLA F. S.

East Glastonbury, Conn., April 15, 1881.

Editor Post:—I received my Diamante Brilliant stud, and think it fully as good as you represent. E. F. C.

Rochester, N. Y., April 13, 1881.

Editor Post:—The premium was received in good time. It is very fine. Please accept my thanks. MISS L. M.

[illegible], Tenn., April 11, 1881.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:—Your beautiful premium was duly received, for which accept my sincere thanks. It gives entire satisfaction, and is very much admired by all who have seen it. I like your paper ever so much, and could not well do without it. I can hardly wait from one week to the next for it. JOSIE G.

Centreville, Va., April 8, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring and was highly pleased with it. I think it well worth the money paid aside from the paper. Am going to get you subscribers, for you certainly offer great inducements. C. A. S.

New Bedford, Mass., April 11, 1881.

Editors Post:—The ring, ear-drops and stud arrived all right. They exceed my expectations in every particular. R. T. S.

Montrose, Ohio, April 15, 1881.

Editors Post:—Received the premium ring, and am much pleased with it. I think it is just lovely. Will do all I can for the Post. MRS Z. A. M.

Rockport, Texas, April 8, 1881.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:—The ring received. I am well pleased with it. Will speak out for the Post. A. M.

Ripley, Ind., April 9, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium duly received. They far exceed my expectations. Many thanks. R. M. S. D.

West Point, Va., April 11, 1881.

Editors Post:—Your premium earrings received. Am very much pleased with them. Fully found them as represented. J. M., JR.

Bay City, Mich., April 8, 1881.

Editor Post:—I received my ring. Am very much pleased with it. Will do all that I can to increase your list of subscribers. O. R. F.

Martinsburg, Mo., April 2, 1881.

Editor Post:—Ring premium received. It is much nicer than I expected. Everyone that sees it says it is beautiful. L. A. D.

Vanatta, Licking Co., O., April 13, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received your valuable premium Diamante ring, and am well pleased with it. It is all you represent it to be. MRS. J. A.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books. Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philada.

A Night of Horrors.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

MANY years ago I was ill, and a change of air was recommended.

I had a very dear uncle, a country clergyman, who loved me as much as all the rest, but more wisely.

He was a bachelor, living in a farm-house in one of the southern counties. He invited me to stay a season with him, and I consented.

He met me at the station when I arrived and drove me to his home—a most lovely home embowered among hills.

In an instant we were in the prettiest, quaintest, and most comfortable looking room, half-study, half drawing room, that I ever beheld. I cannot describe it further than by saying it was perfect.

Only one thing rather startled me,—there was a bright fire, though it was the middle of July and the weather was unusually hot.

"Ah," said my uncle, seeing me look towards the blazing hearth, "you will soon find that we want a fire amongst these hills, though we are so far south, and it is Midsummer. I am glad of the excuse, too, for I like a fire for company, and to burn odd papers when I am quite all alone; but I must not keep you here talking. Here, Betty, take your young lady to her room, and bring her down again quickly, for she must be starving."

Betty, the housekeeper, took a pretty candlestick from the sideboard, and opening the door, preceded me into the dark oak passage again, and up to the room intended for me.

The work of preparation was short and I descended.

I could not eat much supper, and as soon as I conveniently could, I excused myself and retired to sleep.

If I had not been so tired I should have felt very lonely, but fatigue got the better of everything and I must have fallen asleep in a few minutes.

How long I slept I do not know. I woke with a sudden sense of danger.

I started up in bed, and called out wildly for my sister; then with a rush of thought, all the events of the day came into my mind, and I remembered that I was far away from her and all at home.

A good cry came to my relief, and I lay down again, thinking I was only frightened at waking suddenly in a strange place; but no, there was something wrong.

There was a vague, undefined feeling of dread, and I sat up and listened, for what I could not tell, as I did not think I had heard anything.

Suddenly a flash of light shot into my room and disappeared as suddenly, leaving the darkness greater than before from the contrast.

I was now thoroughly roused, and shivered with fright.

What could be the matter? Was the house on fire? or were there housebreakers trying to make an entrance, and just under my window, too?

Oh, horror! What should I do? I tried to think, but could not.

Then suddenly thoughts came thick and fast. No doubt it was on fire.

What should I do? If I stayed where I was I might be burnt in my bed; if I opened the window, I should perhaps be shot down on the spot; if I ran out of the room and gave an alarm, I might meet the ruffians on the stairs.

There seemed no escape, no chance of help, and I groaned with fright.

I forgot to ask when I went to bed where my uncle's room was, or where Betty slept. Perhaps I was told, but I had been too sleepy to hear or remember. Certainly I did not know.

All this time I heard a low murmur of voices, and flashes of light kept crossing my window.

Suddenly there came a tremendous noise at the door of the house, as I supposed,—thumping, knocking, shaking, a shrill whistle, a great flash of light, and then total darkness again.

I sprang out of the bed, and made my way as best I could in the direction of the window.

Then I thought I heard a door opened and shut stealthily, close to me.

I started with fright and relief at the same time.

I thought that some one was coming to murder me, or perhaps help was at hand; but no, it was neither.

Then doors were slamming below, angry voices, hushed whispers, hurried footsteps, almost under where I was standing.

Oh, if I could but find my uncle's or Betty's room! Strange they should not hear all this confusion; for though somewhat subdued, it thrilled through my nerves and seemed to me as though it would wake the seven sleepers.

The agonizing, maddening thought flashed through my mind, that perhaps they had both made their escape at the first alarm, and had forgotten poor me, but such a dreadful thought could not long remain. Uncle Hugh would think of me directly he himself was aware of danger.

I had no time to dwell long on this new misery, for sounds of increasing horror were now heard from below,—moaning, choking, stifling sounds,—as of wretched cattle dying amidst smoke and flames; that is, I fancied there must be such sounds when rick burners laid waste a farm, burning ricks, out-houses, cattle, and everything that came in their way.

I had made up my mind, as far as I could do, in my present agony, that the robbers must be rick-burners, who I knew had spread fire and destruction over many parts of the country.

There was a short lull in the terrible confusing sounds, which was suddenly broken by the most fearful shriek I ever heard, followed by frantic scuffling, like some one fighting for dear life; and I distinctly heard the words:

"Be quiet, or I'll stick you. What d'ye mean by that row? Hold, Bill!—now he's gagged. Heave un in."

Then I heard a smothered scream, and a heavy thud, like the falling of a helpless mass, and all was quiet again.

At last I heard, "There, we've settled 'em all. Now let's be off quiet."

The house-door was shut gently, and I thought I heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet.

I rushed back to my room, the day was just beginning to dawn. I tore aside the window curtain, and looked into the court below—but it was empty.

I strained my eyes, but could not see any signs of footsteps or any trace of a skirmish, as I expected. There was not light enough to discern anything distinctly.

I fancied I heard receding wheels and horses' hoofs clattering away in the distance but could not feel certain of anything, and I think I was then about to faint.

My head turned giddy. I grasped a chair near me, and had just sense and strength enough to summon up all my remaining energy, and make a rush for the bed, on to which I fell; and then I remembered nothing more.

When I again opened my eyes, I saw Betty sitting by the bed.

I looked at her with astonishment at first, but by degrees remembered where I was; and when she asked if I had slept well, I rose immediately, and was soon dressed.

While I was so occupied not a single incident of the previous night had come into my mind.

I felt tired and bewildered, but thought, (if I thought about it at all) that my fatigue was the result of my previous day's traveling.

When I entered my uncle's sitting-room I found all the farm household assembled for morning prayer.

My uncle beckoned me to his side, gave me a silent greeting and a kiss and immediately proceeded with the service.

When prayers were over the farmer's wife came to pay her respects to me, hoping I was not too tired,—was sure that I slept well, as she knew that bed was the most comfortable one in the house.

I answered, as I thought, suitably, feeling very shy, but was roused from my shyness and every other feeling at the sound of a voice close to me, speaking to my uncle.

Turning sharply round, in fright and terror, though I did not know why, I heard the farmer say:

"We's afeard we made a awful noise last night; but they pigs were that contrairy, sum on 'em would run into house when we was hoisting of 'em into cart, and shruck as if stuck. We gagged 'em at last, and chucked 'em into the cart like sacks of wheat. Bill was quiet as could be. Hope little miss didn't hear; but 'spose your reverence told her it was pig night so she'd not take fright if she heard a scuffle. They lanterns, too, would flash up in wrong place."

Then all the night's agony burst upon my mind, and I broke down in a fit of uncontrollable laughing and crying.

Everything was explained to me—how the pigs were always taken to market at night, for the town in which they were sold was some miles distant, and it was necessary to leave soon after midnight, in order to be in time for the morning market; how piggies sometimes went off quietly, and how last night they did not; how uncle and Betty forgot to warn me that there might be a noise in the night, for they were so used to it that if all the pigs had been stuck and had shrieked their heads off, they would not have been the wiser by it.

Then, between sobs and laughing, I told all my terrors of the night, and in a few minutes laughter predominated, and my uncle pretended to be very much offended that I should have mistaken a set of gagged pigs, doomed to slaughter, for so many human beings.

I have only to add that my nervous illness was quite cured, though certainly by rather rough means, and such as no one would willingly have used.

Beatty's Parlor Organs.

We call attention to Mayor Beatty's large Organ advertisement in another column of this issue. We have been to Washington, N. J., and gone through his office and factory, and found everything as represented in his advertisements. We have bought two of his instruments, and we are glad to inform our readers that they have given entire satisfaction.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

WIPING THE GOLDEN PEN.—In the Turkish empire, when the Sultan wants to dismiss officials from office, he sends a messenger, who enters the official's house, walks up to his table, and wipes the ink out of his golden pen. No more is said or done, but he understands that he is forthwith dismissed.

A KING'S DESSERT.—When Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, passed through Warsaw, on his way to Moscow, in the campaign of 1812, he gave a dinner, at which he had soldiers holding upright, round the table, branches of cherry trees, laden with fruit; these formed a sort of grove, which extended over the heads of himself and guests, from which they gathered the fruit for their dessert.

THE PALACE.—The Palatinum, which is Latin for a grand palace, was so named because it was built on the Palatine Hill. Palatine is supposed to have been originally Balatin, from the sound of the cattle, which in the early days of Rome, were kept there. Thus, from the ludicrous lowing of a cow, we have, by various steps, one of the most beautiful words in our language—"the gorgeous palace!"

THE NEGRO'S HAIR.—A famous old English traveler says: "My own beard, which in Europe was soft, silky, and coarse, and almost straight, began immediately after my arrival in Africa, to curl, to grow crisp, strong and coarse, and before I reached the Desert, resembled hare hair to the touch, and was all disposed in ringlets about the chin. This is no doubt to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has, in the interior, changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool.

CHANGING SEATS.—The following problem may be found in many elementary books of arithmetic: A club of eight persons agreed to dine together, every day, as long as they could sit down to table differently arranged. How many dinners would be necessary to complete such an arrangement? Answer—By the rule of permutation, it will be found that the whole party must live 110 years and 170 days and must eat 362 880 dinners. So rapidly does the sum roll up by this process, that if the party had consisted of one more person, they would have had 443 520 dinners to get through; and if ten persons were to enter into the compact, it would be necessary for them, in order to complete their task, to live long enough to devour 3 628 800 dinners.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.—The story is that in the reign of King John, the Gothamites, learning that the King meant to pass through their town to Nottingham, and being under the delusion that any road over which a king passed would thereby become a royal highway, set to work and blocked his Majesty's progress. King John, with whom it was never safe to play tricks, sent certain men-at-arms to make an end of Gotham. Hearing of this the villagers pretended that they were all idiots. Some of them set about putting their carts on the tops of their barns, and others gathered around the public pond to drown eels. The men at arms, taking pity on the poor creatures, left them and reported their condition. So Gotham escaped but the Gothamites became the lasting joke of England.

THE TAIL OF THE BEAR.—A Norwegian legend satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox, who carried a load of fish, and who in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful, when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurts you a little," said the friendly adviser, "for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a bite. The longer the time, the more the fish. Nevertheless when you have a good strong bite, be sure and pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions, and kept his tail in the hole until it was frozen fast. When he pulled the end of the tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day.

THE AGES.—Among the ancient poets an age was the space of thirty years, in which sense age amounts to much the same as generation. The interval since the first formation of man has been divided into four ages, distinguished as the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages; but a late author, reflecting on the barbarism of the first ages, will have the order assigned by the poets inverted—the first being a time of ignorance, would be more properly denominated an iron, rather than a golden age. Various divisions of the duration of the world have been made by historians; by some the space of time commencing with Constantine, and ending with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the fifteenth century, is called the middle age; the middle is also styled the barbarous age. The ages of the world may be reduced to three grand epochs, viz., the age of the law of nature, from Adam to Moses, the age of the Jewish law, from Moses to Christ; and the age of grace, from Christ to the present day.

LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Promise to love! why woman thinks
  To love a privilege, not a task;
If thou wilt truly take my heart
  And keep it, this is all I ask.

Honor thee? yes, if thou wilt live
  A life of truth and purity;
When I have seen thy worthiness,
  I cannot choose but honor thee.

Obey! when I have fully learned
  Each want and wish to understand,
I'll learn the wisdom to obey,
  If thou hast wisdom to command.

So if I fail to live with thee
  In duty, love, and lowliness,
'Tis Nature's fault, or thine, or both;
  The greater must control the less.

Ariadne's Prophecy.

BY M. W. JANVER.

"YOU will be famous yet, Paul, believe me!"

These words were uttered in a sweet, earnest tone; the speaker was a fair young girl, standing in the moonlight beside her lover. A mansion with princely walls gleamed white from among the distant shrubbery; and forth from that mansion, her girlhood home, had Ariadne Homer stolen to meet her lover for the last time. For the arrogance of the purse proud rich man had done its work; the boy artist, the dreamer, he who was richer far in his dowried soul than the great manufacturer, Amos Homer, had been forbidden those walls and the favoring glances of that rich man's daughter.

"I wish my faith were as strong as yours, Adne!" he said, doubtingly.

"It should be, Paul," replied the girl. "My heart is a true prophet; I can always trust its teachings. You will come back some day, and then——"

She stopped suddenly, and then added, "And Paul, I will be true and patient, and await the day of your coming." And a small white hand stole into his.

"It is enough, Adne. It is more than I deserve—more than I hoped. Now I can go forth from the humble home of my boyhood and wrestle manfully with life, bearing with me the words you have this night spoken. Adne, you have saved me. You shall be my good angel, my prophet, my guiding star. Now good by, darling, and God keep you when I am over seas, and bring me again to your side!"

And there, under the tender moonlight and the linden shade, they parted.

* * * * *

Bridging over five long years of toil and endeavor, and study, we come to a time in Paul Dillard's life when that life seemed to treat and best, because, his dreams fulfilled, his feet fairly set upon the highway of fame and fortune, he began to turn his gaze homeward to the land where his heart lay—over the ocean.

But few letters had found their way to the toiler, and those were all penned in the brown weather stained farm house at Spring Meadow—none from Ariadne Homer. But these he did not expect; relying implicitly on her faith, he had asked no token.

And how is it with her? Ah, hearts will change, and gold is a strong lure; it has won many before now, and this girl, bred in affluence, the pet of an idolizing father, is no wiser or better. And then, Paul Dillard at best was but a boy and a dreamer. He could never bring her to a home like that to which she had been accustomed, or like the one old John Etheridge offered her.

Thus it happened the twilight of the same eve that joined the lives if not the hearts of Ariadne Homer and John Etheridge—brought back Paul Dillard to his boyhood's home. Honors and laurel wreaths had all faded before the beacon light of love guiding him homeward. The faintest rays of lingering golden twilight shot upwards through the dusky bars that latticed the west in the dim gray May twilight, when the old-fashioned stagecoach set down a weary, travel-stained, bearded, foreign-looking man at a bend in the dusty country highway; and a few minutes' brisk walk brought him into the green grassy lane leading to Jonas Dillard's farmhouse.

We will pass over his welcome in that home where he was so loved, but when he retired that night there were tears in the proud mother's eyes as she pressed her quivering lips to his cheek; and Jonas Dillard's own were not dry.

"Paul's turned out right sort of stuff, after all. He'll do something for us in our old age yet. 'Twan't a bad move, his going off to furrin parts, was it, mother?"

When the old farmhouse was still, and the night shadows had lengthened on Tower Hill, Paul Dillard softly lifted the doorlatch of the large "spare chamber" and stole down the winding staircase. Sliding back the bolt of the old oaken door, he stood in the outer air.

He had not slept; many thoughts crowded upon him—thoughts of her whose eyes had lured him homeward. The night was calm and warm; a dark blue, star studded sky bent down upon him. Two miles distant lay the village in whose suburbs, on a linden-crowned hill, stood Amos Homer's mansion. He stood a moment on the broad doorstep, then passed down the grassy lane and out into the highway. Then, setting off at a brisk pace, a turn in the road soon brought him in view of Amos Homer's mansion. Every window was ablaze with light, and as he gained a closer proximity, he paused and leaned against the white railing which outskirted the grounds.

Placing one hand on the railing he lightly leaped it, and stood within the grounds of the mansion. Nearing one of the windows, he looked and what he saw made his heart almost stand still. Ariadne, his plighted wife, in wedding robes.

It was enough. One glance told him all. His head on his breast and his thoughts he knew not where, he again sought his home. The night passed, though it seemed it would never end. And there was no trace on his face of his struggle when he came down the next morning.

"Mother," he said, after breakfast, "I shall have to get away from you again. You will not think it hard if I leave you for Boston to morrow. I have some orders that must be executed before the foreign steamer sails."

"But I thought you had come to tarry here, Paul. And then you are sick, I know you are; and you will wear yourself out with work."

"O, never you fear, mother; I am not ill. I look pale always, now. If I have leisure, I will run up among these New Hampshire hills again in a fortnight or so; but if I am very busy I shall write for you to bring Mary to Boston to join me. O, yes, mother, I'll have time yet for rest and recreation before I go over seas again."

"Again! And must you cross the Atlantic once more! O, my son, we do not want riches or comforts, if we are to be divided from you. Do not go from home again. Stay with us, Paul," urged Mrs. Dillard.

"Nay, mother," said Paul, gently, but firmly, "you would not have me remain here an idler, a drone. I must return to Italy."

* * * * *

An Italian sun was setting behind a low range of hills that skirted a broad Roman Campagna, as two travelers, one an invalid, alighted from a diligence at an humble hostelrie, whose brown vine-covered walls slept under the protecting shelter of a grove of dwarf cedars.

The invalid was an old man, the other a beautiful, and faded woman. And that wasted, wan sufferer, and that beautiful, but pale woman, were John and Ariadne Etheridge.

In all respects she had been to him a faithful wife. And so she had accompanied him across the seas to Italy, day by day attending him unweariedly with gentle fingers and tender care. But John Etheridge was a doomed man; all that long summer day had his strength waxed fainter; and when they lifted him carefully from the cushions and bore him within the mountain inn, even then the death angel entered beside him.

There was one other traveler who came slowly down the hillside path and sought the hostel's shelter that night—a dark, pale man, with sketch-book in hand, and enveloped in the folds of an ample Roman cloak. And while the shadows gathered deeper and the rain pattered on the low roof, the stranger threw himself on the rude wooden bench beside the window, and with face buried in his hands seemed lost in thought or slumber.

The evening wore later; the hotel keeper and his wife had sought their slumbers; the stranger still lay wrapped in his cloak-folds and almost lost in the dark shadows; but in an humble inner room Ariadne Etheridge and her faithful man servant watched the flickering lamp of life. For an hour he dozed heavily, then the waning flame flashed up with fitful radiance; he started from his pillow and said, gaspingly:

"Wife! Ariadne!"

She came closer and moistened his lips with wine.

"Wife, I have something to say to you before—before—" but his voice faltered. "I am going—I know it," he gasped feebly, "and I must talk with you. Ariadne, I have been very wicked. You remember Paul Dillard?"

The head upon his breast drooped heavier; her beautiful hand clutched his convulsively for an instant, then she lay very still again. And the man upon the bench in the outer room started to his elbow with a sudden bound, and leaned his head forward in an eager, listening attitude.

"My child, it is hard for an old man like me to make this confession," went on old John Etheridge. "It is hard; but harder yet to go into eternity with the stain of an unconfessed sin upon my soul. I have been very wicked; but I will make what reparation lies in my power. Ariadne, listen; I won you through fraud. I coveted you, with your youth and beauty; and when it was breathed to me that you loved a poor, unknown, humble youth, toiling afar over the waters, the fiend of evil sent a suggestion into my mind which I was not long in obeying. How could that poor, humble youth stand in comparison with a rich man? I knew that such were your father's wishes; but I knew that such, however much they might influence your decision, would never your heart. And so I followed the evil devices of my own brain, and coined a lie, and spread the rumor that, in his far off home your boy lover had wooed another. But it was all false—all false—my poor child. And when you, in your youth and beauty, came to my arms, and the first flush of triumph was over, when day by day I saw how meekly and uncomplainingly you sacrificed yourself to all an old man's whims and caprices, then repentance came, and O how bitter! Disease came. Ariadne, as God is my witness, I joyed more than I sorrowed when I felt its chill fingers at my heart. The physicians sent me abroad; we came here, to Italy. You did not know how often I sent my imagination here before me, and built a structure whose walls would be reared above my grave! For, my child," and his voice sank to a whisper, and he lifted her face with one thin white hand, "you will obey me: he is here, and by and by your paths will cross each other. Ariadne, you will be happy yet!"

Then came an unbroken silence in that death chamber; and the man in the dark kitchen breathed convulsively as he crept nearer and nearer the door.

"Yes, you will be happy yet," gasped the dying man slowly. "And now I am going—forgive. Your hand my child here, on my heart. God is good! I have but one wish in this death hour—if I could have brought you two together—you two, whom I wronged so. If Paul Dillard were only here!"

"Yes, God is good! Paul Dillard is here!" came in husky whispers; and as the pale man staggered in from the outer room, Ariadne fell forward, with a faint scream, upon the breast of her dying husband.

What need have we to record more? Can you not see how the reparation of the dead was accepted?—how, her period of mourning over, Ariadne Etheridge, in that warm Southland, gave her hand where her heart had long been pledged, and fully redeemed her early prophecy by its fulfilment?

AMERICAN INGENUITY.—1736 the first steam engine built. 1779, another similar engine made for a factory in Philadelphia. 1788 a Philadelphian introduced steam power to drive a flour mill and a brickyard. 1785 James Rumsey propelled a vessel on the Potomac river by the reaction of the water. 1798 one Perkins invented a nail cutting machine which could make 200 000 nails per day. 1788, John Fitch navigated the Delaware river with the first steamboat. 1798, Robert McKean patented the first steam sawmill. 1799, Oliver Evans made the first high-pressure steam engine, and built a steam carriage, which, however, was not a success. 1804, Col Stephens invented the screw propeller. 1806, Thomas Blanchard, of Massachusetts, invented a tack-making machine, which made 30 000 tacks per hour. 1807, Robert Fulton traveled with his first steamboat from New York to Albany. 1807, old cloth for floor carpeting first made in Philadelphia. 1807, John Redford invented and manufactured metal-bound boots and shoes. 1811 John H. Hall, of Massachusetts, invented breech-loading muskets. 1812 George Shoemaker sold in Philadelphia several truck loads of anthracite coal for fuel, and was imprisoned as an imposter for selling stones for coal. 1817, George Clymer produced the first American made printing press. 1818, Jacob Perkins introduced steel engravings as a substitute for copper. 1819 the Savannah made the first passage across the Atlantic Ocean by steam power driving paddle-wheels. 1820, Henry Burden, of Troy, N. Y., invented the cultivator. 1824, completion of the Erie Canal, connecting the large lakes with the Hudson river. 1826, Harrison A. Dyer established the first telegraph line on Long Island, making signals with frictional electricity. 1828 first American patent for improvements in locomotives granted. 1828 hay and straw used for the first time to make paper.

MAKING A BEGINNING.—Remember in all things, that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things, they make a beginning, and therefore is a hope, a promise, a pledge an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast, is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. M. S.

Recall at night not only your business transactions, but what you have said of those of whom you have spoken during the day, and weigh in the balance of conscience what you have uttered. If you have done full justice in all your remarks, it is well. If you have not, then seek the earliest opportunity to make amends and carefully avoid a repetition of the wrong.

LIFE IN FLOWERS.

AS among Man and the higher animals, the vegetable creation has its circulating, aerating, digestive, and sentient organization, though its functions are not exactly the same. Thus, though plants have no centre of circulation or central propelling organ like the heart in animals, their fluids circulate upwards and downwards, often with a rapidity and force greatly exceeding that of the animal machine. Though they have no organs analogous to the lungs of animals or the gills of fish, the aerating or respiratory functions of plants are performed through the medium of the stomas or pores situated on their leaves, by means of which they part with their superfluous water in the same manner as the animal emits insensible respiration; and though they have no particular part or organ like the stomach of animals, they are endowed with the singular capacity of being all mouth and stomach, as they draw their nourishment not only by means of their spongioles or spongeolets, each consisting of an expanded tissue of small, roundish cells, but also by their leaves and green bark; all of which are endowed with an absorbent power. The perspirable vessels in many plants emit a quantity of aqueous matter, greatly exceeding in their comparative proportion of magnitude and capacity that of the animal machine.

That plants and vegetables have nervous or sentient organs, analogous to those of animals, and that their sensibility is exactly in the same manner as the nerves of the animals are, seems evident. The system of vegetable nature is affected in the same manner, by the application of the metallic and vegetable poisons, as the nervous system of the animal creation. Different plants have been watered with infusions of nux vomica, laurel water, belladonna, hemlock, prussic acid, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sulphuric acid, etc., or their roots have been steeped in such infusions, and the invariable result has been the production of spasmodic action on the leaves, which, when so treated, either shrunk or curled themselves up, and after exhibiting various symptoms of irritability, in a short time became weak, and in the course of a few hours died.

The tropical flowers that open or shut earlier or later as the length of the day increases or decreases, the equinoctial flowers that perform the same office at certain determinate times of the day—the meteoric flowers that daily expand and unfold sooner or later, according to the cloudiness, moisture, and pressure of the atmosphere; those that fold up their leaves on the approach of rain or cloudy weather and unfold them again when cheered by the reanimating influence of the sun—and the night-blowing flowers, as evening primrose, the night flowering cereus, and the marvel of Peru, which expand their flowers during the stillness of the night—prove also that plants, though not endowed with the intensity or excitability of the higher grade of animated matter, are capable of sensation and are endowed with the property of instinctive and spontaneous locomotion. Indeed this property is inherent in the whole vegetable creation; for, on the approach of night, all the plants except the night-blowing flowers (the primrose, etc.) fold up or droop their leaves, and continue in that state till the rising of the sun, when they assume their original position. Even during an eclipse, transformation of form is sensibly displayed by all flowers. And this disposition to the alternations of repose and activity is so inherent in vegetable nature, that even when plants are subjected to absolute darkness, they still observe their natural periodical interchanges of rest and activity. When subjected in closed rooms to the action of artificial light by night, and excluded from all light by day, they in time adapt themselves to the new conditions thus imposed on them, and at length close their leaves during the day, and unfold them at night. The duration of their periodic states of repose and activity may also be extended and shortened, according to the force or amount of the conditions imposed on them. Thus, the period of the activity of plants may be diminished, by the room in which they are placed being illuminated either by the introduction of a candle, or by being kept closed; or they may be kept in a state of repose by preventing the admission of the dawn of day.

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.—It is almost frightful, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common on going of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly and for ever forgotten. Yet it is equally amazing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. This is the vocation of gossips—an order of society that perpetuates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt together. You may have noticed how many speeches there are which become mischievous by being heard a second time; and what an army of busy ones resolve that the fatal repetition shall take place! Blessed is the man or woman that can let drop all the burs and thistles, instead of picking them up; and fastening them on the next passenger! M. S.

ROSES AND THORNS.

BY E L O.

While straying through life's valley,
Though in our childhood's morn,
We find where'er we wander
No rose without a thorn.
Though sweet may be the fragrance
They fling around our feet,
We find amid life's roses
The bitter with the sweet.

And when the sun of midday
Burns brighter o'er our head,
We find no thornless roses
Where'er our steps are led.
But still we fondly cherish
The rosebud's fading leaf,
Though the crown of roses wither,
While the ro e's bloom is brief.

And when adown the valley
Our trembling feet must stray,
Though the crown of roses with
The thorns are there alway.
But when we cross the river,
And reach the longed-for shore,
We'll dwell 'mid fadeless roses,
Where nought can harm us more.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXXIX —(CONTINUED.)

"EXCUSE my natural indignation," said the lawyer. "I know that he has been trying to sell the property that was his wife's, down in the neighborhood of Wraycourt. A client of mine had some idea of purchasing it till I advised him to the contrary."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; his title did not appear quite satisfactory. Your father had only a part of the title deeds, or, what amounted to the same thing, refused to produce the other. I wrote to Frank upon the subject; he distinctly states that the property passed to Mr. Beacham unconditionally upon his marriage; but, of course, he only knows what he has been told. When he returns from Germany we must look into the affair."

"I trust it may prove as you suspect, for my dear brother's sake," observed Lucy.

"And for your own, Lady Rislip.

"Oh, I do not require it; my husband is most liberal in money matters I am frequently embarrassed what to do with the money he lavishes upon me."

"Conscience money," thought the lawyer.

"I offered a portion of it to Frank," continued the speaker, hesitating slightly; "but he refused to accept it. And yet he must be poor."

"Not so poor as you imagine," observed Mr. Quarl. "He is well paid for the business he is upon; and his wife is a most economical little woman. But we shall have ample time to talk over these matters when we have attended to this affair of Madame Pishert. I presume you intend to remain at Minerva Lodge for some short time?"

"Yes."

"A week or two?"

"Perhaps a month," answered Lucy, quite unembarrassed by the questions which were not put without a motive. "My husband has been compelled to receive disagreeable visitors at the Priory, persons whom I do not choose to meet. So he yielded to my entreaty, and allowed me to pay my long promised visit to my cousin, Madame Pishert."

"All this sounds very well—rings like the true metal," thought the lawyer, "and yet I am convinced there is a serious alloy in it, if I could only find the test to analyse it with."

His speculations were interrupted by the return of his nephew accompanied by two police-officers whom the magistrate, on reading his uncle's note, had placed at his disposal; and in a few minutes the party started on their way to Minerva Lodge

CHAPTER XL.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of their destination, Lucy and her companion found a small roadside public-house, such as at the period of our tale, might still be found in the suburbs of London, half farm, a quarter dairy, the other quarter devoted to public entertainment. Mr. Quarl, with his usual foresight, proposed to stop here under pretence of refreshing the horses, but in reality to make inquiries.

"How far, landlord, to Minerva Lodge?" he asked, as the host placed a decanter of wine and biscuits upon the white deal table in the little parlor.

"About a quarter of a mile," replied the man. "Are you going there?"

"Yes"

"Perhaps you are expected?"

"I think not."

"Then you will not obtain admission," said the landlord. "Strange goings-on. About three weeks since several of Herr Pishert's relatives arrived from Germany, much, it appears, to the vexation of his wife. One by one the old servants were dismissed. Madame fell ill; and, as I hear, is not likely to recover. She was always a curious out of way sort of lady, with all sorts of new-fangled notions; but she was kind to the poor, and anything but a bad neighbor. It was a pity she married that furriner."

"Have you any reason to suppose that he has ill treated her?" inquired Lady Rislip anxiously.

"I don't think he has treated her well," answered the man, "in sending her English servants away. One of them, Mrs. Hannah, the waiting maid who is staying with us, has been to the magistrates, but as there was no proof of violence they refused to interfere."

"Idiots," muttered the lawyer.

"That is what Mrs Hannah called them to their faces, sir," observed the host; "but for my part I don't see what the gentlemen were to do. A man has a right to be master in his own house"

"But not in his wife's."

"That is what Mrs. Hannah says."

The door of the parlor was suddenly opened and the faithful waiting maid, who had so resolutely remained in the neighborhood to watch over her late mistress bounced into the room. She had recognised the voice of Lucy, and felt assured that the moment of rescue was at hand.

"Thanks be to goodness, Miss—I beg pardon, my lady, you are come. Poor madame, it was an evil day when she gave her hand to that nasty furriner I warned her, but it was of no use. You know how obstinate she is. The villain has shut her up, keeps her a prisoner, and has sent for his nasty relations—his brother, father, and cousin—to watch over her."

"Are you certain of this?"

"Certain!" repeated the irascible speaker in answer to the lawyer's question. "Didn't I see them in their beggarly country when they wanted my mistress to buy them a farm; and has not the Herr—pretty Herr, indeed—been a persecuting her to make a will ever since we returned?"

A brief consultation followed, at which it was decided that no further time should be lost, and the party proceeded at once to the house. It was increased by the addition of Hannah and the landlord, who consented on Mr. Quarl promising to hold him harmless wha ever might occur.

For several minutes no reply could be obtained to their repeated knocks, although lights were seen in the upper windows of the house At last one of them was partially opened, and the head of Herr Pishert appeared.

"What will you want?" he asked.

"Admittance," replied one of the police-officers

"What for?"

"We wish to see Madame Pishert."

"Mine wife is dying, and must not be disturbed, poor dear, in her last minutes by strangers. Go away, go away."

"But I am no stranger," exclaimed Lady Rislip.

"Ah, it is you; but you shall not [illegible] in. Mine wife has made her will; all is for me. You will get nothing by the coming. If you try to break into mine house, I shall shoot at you"

Hannah's first impulse was to abuse him; but she was a woman of tact, and wisely repressed the inclination, time being too precious to be wasted. She knew that the officers had no warrant for these proceedings. The men themselves had confessed as much to her.

"Follow me," she whispered, "to the back of the house. I did not live sixteen years in the place for nothing Cunning as he is, I can find my way in."

"Go with her," said Tom Briarly in the same undertone. "I and my uncle will keep the principal scoundrel in conversation."

The waiting-maid glided into the shrubbery, and the agents of authority followed her as noiselessly as possible. They saw cleverly there was something wrong, and were prepared to stretch the law, provided they could do it in safety to themselves.

As for the legal consequences, they cared very little about them.

"Herr Pishert," said the lawyer, who entered fully into his nephew's design of detaining him at the window, "you must be aware that this singular conduct of yours lays you open to grave suspicion."

"Bah! Mine house is mine castle. Dat is der English law."

"Not always."

"I read it in your books"

"But this is not your house."

"Mine wife has sign it to me."

"When?"

"This day."

"Such a deed to be valid must have been witnessed."

"I know dat," replied the German. "I not do fool you tink me Mine fader, mine broder, and cousin witness it"

This was not exactly the truth, for at the very instant he asserted it the respectable relatives named by him were endeavoring to force madame to affix her signature to the irrevocable deed of gift. The lady, however, as our readers are aware, possessed a will of her own. She would not sign, although a deed extorted under such circumstances she well knew would not hold good.

"Since you have secured the property," said Tom Briarly, with difficulty mastering his indignation, "you may, at least, admit the lady."

"No. If she come to mine door I will shoot her."

The tone of quiet determination with which the threat was uttered alarmed Tom, who instinctively placed himself before Lady Rislip.

"She bring dis trouble to me," continued the Herr, "and——"

A loud shriek was heard in the interior of the house

"Mein Gott, what is dat?"

The cry was repeated.

Herr Pishert turned round to ascertain the cause, and found himself in the arms of one of the police-officers, who not only disarmed him, but, as a further precaution, dexterously contrived to slip a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists. The affair was the work of an instant.

On obtaining admission into the house, rather a melodramatic scene presented itself Madame Pishert, emaciated from mental as well as bodily suffering, was found corded down to the bed in her own room. Her father-in-law, and Hans, his second son, who afterwards turned out to be a doctor, stood handcuffed together near the chimney-piece

"Oh, my dear kind cousin!" exclaimed Lady Rislip, throwing her arms round the neck of her relative. "Who could have had the cruelty to treat you with such indignity?"

"The man I was fool enough to marry. I thought him a harmless, meek, pitiful creature; but found him a tiger in a calf's skin. Do cut these cords, my dear"

Hannah liberated her in an instant.

"And do give me something to eat. I have been half starved by them."

Wine and biscuits were brought.

"And bring me a wrapper, Hannah," added her mistress, who appeared wonderfully calm considering the provocation she had received.

The waiting maid looked vainly into the wardrobe.

"Pishert's cousin, the fraulein, has my keys," added madame. "I think I can hear her searching the drawers in my dressing room."

The faithful domestic rushed from the room, her whole countenance flushed with fury which was not lessened when she discovered the nasty "furrin woman," as she emphatically termed her, packing up her mistress's best dress and trinkets in a trunk

To pounce upon her, snatch the keys from her hand, lock the box, and then, by way of remembrance, leaving the marks of her nails upon her face, was with Hannah the work of an instant There was a beautiful simultaneousness in the triple action which might have puzzled an observer to decide the [illegible] order in which they followed

We believe, however, that we have stated it correctly.

Assistance having been sent for from the neighboring cottages, all chance of resistance and escape for the three prisoners became impossible

Mr. Quarl proposed that they should be kept in one of the cellars, and be taken before the magistrates in the morning.

"I intend to be my own magistrate," observed madame, speaking in her usually decided tone"

"You must consider——"

"I have considered," said the lady "and, unless driven to it, will avoid the ridicule a public exposure must entail upon my principles. Let the officers of justice take them into the library, and allow me to request that you and Tom will accompany them. I think, when you hear, you will approve my resolution."

Herr Pishert had once more subsided into the meek quiet personage our readers recollect when first he had the honor of being introduced to their notice His father looked stolidly indifferent. Not so with Hans, the doctor, upon whose countenance malignant impotent age and disappointment were legibly written.

As for the fraulein, none but a female pen could do justice to her appearance.

In about an hour Madame Pishert entered the room, leaning on the arm of Tom Briarly. She still appeared very weak, but it was the weakness of the body. Her mind was as strong as ever.

"Oh, mine dear wife!" exclaimed her husband, extending his manacled wrists; "see what they haf done mit me, and take pity!"

"A very wise precaution," observed the lady; "one I perfectly approve of. And, doctor," she added, addressing his brother, "the tables are turned—it is you who are a prisoner."

Her brother in law, who had been the principal abettor and adviser in the diabolical scheme, muttered an oath in high Dutch which we do not care to translate to our readers.

"As for you, fraulein," continued the mistress of Minerva Lodge, "I am sorry to interfere with your selections from my wardrobe; they do credit to your taste, I must admit, but I shall require my dresses myself."

"My cousin gif dem to me," sobbed the woman.

"Very generous, no doubt," replied madame. "As for you, Herr von Pishert," said his wife in a majestic tone, "I am surprised—disgusted."

"It was my family advise me," interrupted the husband with a rueful look; "dey tell me you treat me like von little child, and larf at me. No smoke, no money, no noting."

His late prisoner appeared to reflect. Perhaps, like a French jury, she considered there were extenuating circumstances in the case.

"You will sign a deed of separation," she said.

"No; I lofe mine wife too much. Never!"

"In that case you will go to prison, and stand your trial. I shall have the draught you and that wretch, your brother, attempted to force down my throat analysed. You best know the consequences. The laws of England are very severe where murder has been attempted."

"If mine broder make mistake dey can't hang me," replied the Herr doggedly.

"Don't make yourself too sure of that," observed Mr. Quarl. "In a case like yours the law is rather elastic. It stretches a point or two."

"What will I do without money?"

This was coming to the point.

"Work," answered Tom.

"I be no good for work after dis."

"Pishert," said his wife, "you never were good for anything; but since I have done you the honor to accept your insignificant hand and name, I will not see you starve. My friend Mr Quarl will pay yours and your family's passage back to Germany"

"Oh mein Gott!"

"And as long as you remain there you shall receive fifty pounds a year; but, mind, on the sole condition that you never set foot in England again."

The old man began reckoning how much it would amount to in dollars

"It is too little," said the Herr. "I refuse"

"Take it," whispered his father in German; "we can live beautifully upon it in Germany."

"In that case," said madame, addressing the lawyer "nothing is to be done but to remove them to prison Perhaps it will be best. The law of transportation will separate us more effectually than any deed that can be drawn up."

Mr. Quarl nodded assent.

"Stop! I—I will take it," roared the Herr, when he saw that his wife was in earnest.

"You are too good, mistress," said Hannah "Don't do it. Send them to prison—hang them; I am sure they deserve it Never mind the people laughing at you, and saying that you ought not to have married the nasty furriner."

Mr. Quarl, who had been busily occupied in preparing the deed, which contained also a confession of his crime, now offered the pen to the Herr to sign, but first read it deliberately over to him.

"It says nothing of de money, de fifty pounds a year."

"That is an act of charity on the part of Madame Pishert"

"I will not sign without it"

"Pishert," said his wife, "trust to my word."

"If you will give me something down."

"Not a penny."

The deed at last was executed and duly witnessed

"Now, den, will you let us go, and take our tings?"

"Not yet," said the lawyer. "There is one little formality to be gone through The tings, as you call them, must be inspected."

The landlord and one of the officers brought several trunks and boxes which they had found in the hall ready packed, into the library.

The complexion of Herr Pishert assumed a green bilious hue when he saw the officers, assisted by Hannah, who displayed uncommon energy in the task, break them open.

The first contained the plate, carefully assorted, wrapped up in the best damask, together with the most valuable of madame's jewels.

"How considerate of you," said his wife

When the father's box was opened the first object that presented itself was a silver coffee pot.

"Mine! mine!" shrieked the old man, attempting frantically to throw himself upon the contents. "Mine late son gif dem to me"

"Very affectionate, no doubt," said Hannah; "pity they were not his to give."

In the trunk of the doctor nothing but a few drugs and a change or two of linen was discovered. He had played a higher and more desperate game. Mr. Quarl removed the drugs and sealed them in the presence of the officers.

"They may be useful as evidence," he observed, "should your husband or any of his family ever venture to trouble you by their presence in England."

Everything having been arranged, the Herr, his father, brother, and the fraulein, were conducted to the chaise, and drove off accompanied by the officers, who had strict orders not to loose sight of them till they sailed for Germany.

"Good bye, Pishert," said his wife, as the party quitted the room. "You have made a great fool of yourself—and of me," she mentally added; "but I will forgive you."

"And will lif mit me again?"

"Oh, no, I only forgive you as a christian. As a wife, I feel bound to vindicate the cause of my sex. I have done with you."

As the landlord, Mr. Quarl, and Tom Briarly consented to remain all night at Minerva Lodge, the ladies were under no alarm, even if such an improbable event should occur as the return of the Pishert family.

"Hannah," said her mistress, as the waiting maid tucked her comfortably in her best bed, "you will send for the old servants in the morning."

"Yes, madame."

"Mind that the windows are all opened to get rid of the tobacco smoke."

"Yes, madame."

"And, Hannah, look out for a strong able bodied man, of good character; not too young."

"Yes, madame!"

"And when you have found him, let me see him. I don't think it safe to sleep without a man servant in the house again."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE next day Susan arrived with the infant, and both mother and child found themselves comfortably established at Minerva Lodge, to the intense satisfaction of its mistress, who, despite her eccentricity and peculiar opinions respecting the rights of her sex, possessed one of those loveable and loving nature that only run wild for want of something to lavish their affection upon. It was this weakness which had induced her to bestow her hand upon Herr Pishert, not that she ever exactly loved him; she liked him, thought he might make a tolerable husband, and rashly tried an experiment which so many have made before when in a similar position, and been miserably disappointed.

The worldly prudence which had induced her to settle every shilling of her fortune strictly upon herself had brought out his character in its true light. Had he proved less mercenary the probabilities are his wife would have relaxed the strictness of her hold upon the purse strings.

Although her health had suffered materially from the brutal treatment the scheming German and his family had subjected her to, fortunately her constitution was not seriously impaired; each day brought a renewal of strength, and things once more began to look cheeringly at Minerva Lodge.

One of the first acts of madame was to employ Mr. Quarl in making her will, in which she divided her fortune equally between Lucy and her brother, making, of course, a suitable provision for the faithful hand maid Hannah. The testatrix made no secret of the disposition of her property.

The portion bequeathed to Lucy was for her sole use, free from the control of any actual or future husband. On that point she was immovable.

"Rislip will think I have suggested it," observed Lucy, when it was read to her.

"Let him, my dear. Men are unreasonable enough to think anything, especially when their interests are touched, not that the half of my fortune can be of any great moment to him; but it may to you," she added, "and I have a right to do as I please with my own."

The lady little thought how famous in after years that dictum would be made by a celebrated Tory nobleman.

"Better leave it all to Frank," urged his sister. "Money will only be an incumbrance to me. You know how liberal Rislip is to me."

"*At present*," observed madame. "It is the future I am thinking of. There is a peculiarity in your marriage, my dear, that——"

"I know," interrupted her cousin hastily, "the law cruelly ignores it, but Heaven acknowledges it, and my husband has sworn never to admit a doubt of its validity. It is binding upon him as upon me. Will it not look like a suspicion of his honor?"

"Let it look like what it will, the act is done, and shall not be recalled. For your satisfaction," added the speaker, "I may tell you that I consulted both Mr. Quarl and Tom Briarly; the first for his head, the second for his heart; and they both agreed in the wisdom of my decision. Where should I have been," she added, "if I had not taken a similar precaution before my marriage?"

"Lord Rislip and the Herr are very different persons."

"In degree," replied madame. "One is highly polished, the other only varnished but all men are at heart made of the same material."

She pronounced this with the authority of one who had passed through a bitter experience.

In the singleness of her heart Lucy wrote to her husband, relating not only the narrow escape of her cousin from the mercenary designs of Herr Pishert and his family, but informed him of the disposition the lady had made of her property in favor of Frank and herself.

The condition was not forgotten. It would have appeared like an unworthy concealment not to have mentioned that.

Lord Rislip, who by this time was at the Priory with his guests, committed the unconscionable imprudence of showing his wife's letter to Eleanor Charlton. In the first place, he wished to account for the absence of Lucy; in the next, he desired her opinion of its contents.

The very astute lady smiled as she read it.

"You perceive," said his lordship, "from the danger her cousin has escaped that Lady Rislip," he always gave his wife her title in speaking of her, "had very good reasons for her absence from home, which otherwise might appear marked."

"At any rate, my lord, she has found her reward."

"I do not understand you."

"Not in the testament of the lady? Madame Pishert is known to be rich, and Lucy has received half her fortune."

"She is the nearest relative."

"Independent of her husband's control," added the false friend.

"There were reasons for it," answered Lord Rislip, who possessed a strong natural sense of justice. "You forget the unhappy blot on her marriage."

"She should have shown more confidence in your honor," replied Eleanor. "Had I been in her place I think I should have done so."

"You do not approve her conduct then?"

"It is a delicate question to put and a dangerous one to answer," replied the lady; "and yet the long-tried friendship justifies it, perhaps. Frankly, then, I answer no! Why should Lucy fly from your house at the approach of your friends; make your life desolate, your position in the eyes of the world—pardon the word—ridiculous! In accepting the name of wife she ought not to have renounced its duties."

"You put it forcibly, Eleanor, I wish you would write and tell her this."

"I, my lord? Impossible!"

"There is nothing impossible to true friendship."

"Granted," said the lady, "where the confidence is mutual; but is it so in the present instant? No. I will appeal to your own recollection how disinterestedly I labored, when the discovery first took place in Paris, to prevent its being made public. Unfortunately I failed, but Lucy should at least have recollected my good intentions. Instead of which, she has suffered my letters to remain unanswered. From her conduct," added the speaker, "one would imagine I had injured her, instead of proving myself her best friend."

Lord Rislip appeared much struck by the artful reasoning of the siren.

"It is impossible I should write to her again. Why, she does not even mention my name in her letter to you."

"It certainly was forgetful."

"Forgetful!" repeated the lady in a tone of wounded pride; "say rather pointed and insulting. Had I known of your wife's departure I certainly should not have come here. I have my reputation to guard."

"The presence of your uncle, who is hourly expected," observed the peer, "places it beyond suspicion."

"It was none the less cruel of your wife to expose me to the censure of the world," observed Miss Charlton. "I should have been more careful of her reputation; but Lucy is not generous. I do not want to judge her conduct harshly, although it has deeply wounded me."

These words produced a powerful impression on Lord Rislip. Hitherto, his conscience had been ill at ease for having violated the solemn promise he had made to respect the retirement of his wife, her voluntary seclusion from the world. He now began to perceive her conduct in a different light. Her sensitiveness appeared obstinacy; her flying from the Priory a studied insult to himself and his guests.

"If they receive her as my wife, treat her with the respect due to the rank to which I have raised her, why should she avoid them? Had she been merely a mistress——"

There was the rub; in the eye of the law she was nothing more. Lucy both knew and felt this. When addressed by her title, the words fell upon her as a bitter mockery. How could she endure to hear her son addressed by a name she well knew was not his?

The probabilities are, that in a less elevated sphere, her feelings on that point might not have been so sensitive.

Her husband should have thought of those things; instead of which, he considered only his own selfish feeling of annoyance.

The arrival of Lord Baraclough brought his niece a most efficient ally, and to poor unfriended Lucy a subtle enemy.

In his very first conversation with his host, the diplomatic peer entered freely into the subject of their previous conversations.

"My colleagues," he observed, "are fully convinced, not only of your lordship's talents and fitness for the office, but of the advantage that must accrue to any party fortunate enough to secure you support; still, there is one slight hitch."

At this point he hesitated.

"Speak plainly," said his host.

"The subject is a delicate one."

"Then I am certain it will be gently handled," continued Rislip, who began to anticipate where the difficulty lay.

"Your opinions on the marriage with a deceased wife's sister——"

"Surely that need not be made a Cabinet question."

"Not exactly," answered Baraclough; "but his grace pledged himself, when the party opposed to all concession gave way and allowed the Act which rendered his nephew and nieces legitimate to pass the legislature, to oppose all further concession. It is a point of honor with him," he added.

Lord Rislip made no reply.

"I was asked," continued the speaker, "if you would bind yourself not to moot nor to support the repeal of the law as it at present stands in the event of your taking office."

"Whilst in office, I presume you mean?"

"Yes; the promise would be limited to that."

"It would place me in a false position," said the husband of Lucy, after a pause. "I, too, am bound by my antecedents; bound in honor to my wife, who married me in ignorance of the tie between us. Is it not monstrous," he added vehemently, "that a lot of bigots should have it in their power to destroy the happiness of so many homes, bring misery to hearts which, but for their interference, might be happy in domestic bliss?"

"Men of strong opinions govern the world," observed his visitor.

"Not always, my lord."

"Or of pliable ones," added the minister with a smile. "I did not finish my observation. I fear this conversation has annoyed you. For the present let us drop the subject. I shall remain with you a fortnight. We have ample time before us to speak of it again."

Lord Rislip was one of those men who would fain act honorably and consistently, provided honor and consistency did not interfere with their selfish vices and interests. His marriage had placed him in a false position, and he felt the curb.

Let us do him justice. It was not so much the vulgar desire of office as the thought that his name and title would become extinct.

Had Ferdinand lived he would have remained unshaken.

"I will write to Lucy," he muttered, "and be firm with her. She must return, assume her place, or—no, no, not that."

A lingering sentiment of affection and principle would not allow him to add—"or abandon it."

His letter, though not intentionally unkind, was not the one to produce the effect he wished upon the mind of Lucy. Had he appealed to her affection the chances are she would have made an effort to conquer the strong repugnance she felt at mingling in society, and yielded for his sake. Unfortunately, it was written more in the style of a citation than an entreaty.

No wonder that it failed.

Mr. Quarl was breakfasting at Minerva Lodge on the morning it arrived. Lady Rislip no sooner read it than she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Pardon my curiosity," said the lawyer, "but has anything dreadful occurred?"

"It is evident you are not a married man," observed Madame Pishert bitterly, "or you would not ask that question."

"How so?"

"It is from her husband."

"Friends," said Lucy, making a strong effort to recover her composure, "advise me how to act."

She passed the letter to her cousin, who, having adjusted her spectacles, read it aloud, emphasizing each important word by way of comment.

Mr. Quarl remained silent.

"Act!" said Madame Pishert. "My dear child, it is the crisis of your fate. Act with dignity. I have long seen it was approaching. Lord Rislip is prepared to act like a villain."

"Pardon me," interrupted the lawyer sharply, "but the letter does not appear to bear that construction. It is harsh."

"Harsh! ah, you men. You all defend each other."

"Unkind, if you will; but in the very instance of her ladyship's return to the Priory he treats her as his wife."

"But what becomes of his fine promises?"

"I am not aware that his lordship has broken any yet."

"I am," exclaimed the mistress of Minerva Lodge emphatically. "Take my advice, Lucy, and maintain a proper self respect. Do not allow yourself to be forced into an equivocal position to gratify the malice of Eleanor Charlton."

Lady Rislip shuddered at the name.

"She never deceived me," continued the speaker. "I read her, despite her clever artifices, her pretended congratulations on your marriage. Her demonstrations of joy were too violent to be sincere. The most amiable woman ever lived—unmarried, of course, I mean—always hears of her friend's success in the mart of Hymen with a certain amount of envy."

"Oh, madame!"

"Believe me or not, as you please, Mr. Quarl," said the lady, "it is a truth; although I ought not, perhaps, to have avowed it before one of your deceitful sex. I am a poor tactician," she added with a smile, "to place arms in the hands of one of our natural enemies."

"I will do nothing rashly," said Lady Rislip, rising to leave the breakfast-room. "I have the morning before me to reflect ere I reply."

"At least you will let me know your decision," observed her cousin, "before you send your letter?"

"Most certainly."

"Poor child! poor child!" muttered Madame Pishert as her relative disappeared. "I cannot tell you how her position pains me."

"It is, indeed, a sad one."

"Sad!—abominable! Lord Rislip acted like a villain. He knew at the very moment he offered her his hand, that the ceremony of marriage between them would be a mere empty form, a mockery, which left him free, but blighted her existence."

"The deception was unpardonable."

"Say infamous."

"Love has many excuses, and hitherto he has respected the tie."

"Shall I tell you why? Because hitherto it has not brought him face to face with any strong temptations," replied madame, whose own marriage appeared to have enlightened her ideas most wonderfully upon the subject. "Let that come, and we shall see."

"He must have loved her."

"I cannot understand love without respect."

"At least she loves him," added the lawyer.

Madame Pishert made no reply.

"Do you not think so?"

"The question is scarcely a fair one, Mr. Quarl, but still I will answer it to the best of my ability. She did love him, not for his name and title, but for those ideal qualities with which imagination clothed him, and profound dissimulation gave a semblance. Lord Rislip is a very specious person—Lucy was only a child in years. Do you wonder that he gained her innocent heart? He would not have deceived me," added the speaker.

The lawyer smiled.

"I know what you are thinking of," continued the lady. "Herr von Pishert. But he only partially succeeded; witness the precautions I took to place my property beyond his grasp. I gave him credit for all he proved himself capable of, except his courage, and that I own did surprise me. I suspect that it was the scheme of his rapacious family rather than his own."

At a later hour in the day, Mr. Quarl saw Lady Rislip walking in the grounds, and joined her. He, too, had been considering the request, we might call it the command, of her husband that she should return to the Priory, and came to the conclusion that it would be best to comply with it.

"Pardon an old man," he said, "for obtruding upon your privacy, but my friendship for poor Frank, whose place at this critical juncture I feel bound to fill, the interest I feel for yourself, must plead my excuse."

"There needs none," replied Lucy, extending her hand to him.

"The conduct of his lordship in exacting the sacrifice is most unkind."

"It is thus I feel it."

"But my advice is to obey his summons. So long as he treats you as his wife, you must give him no cause of complaint."

"But his promise?"

"Most ungenerous of him to break it, no doubt, but I say, comply. Let the wrong come from him; your conduct must be irreproachable, as I doubt not it has always been."

"I have decided," said her ladyship.

"To go?"

"Yes."

A benevolent smile of satisfaction expressed the approval of her decision.

"I come to the conclusion with great pain," continued Lucy, "to submit to the humiliation of appearing under a title to which the world refuses me a legal claim. It is hard, too, very hard, to find the idol I believed of purest gold reduced to common clay, to appear in an equivocal position before those who will watch with no friendly eyes every look and action; but I submit."

"Pardon the question, Lady Rislip," said Mr. Quarl, "but have you reason to believe that any one person, I mean of your own sex, is endeavoring to influence your husband in his conduct towards you?"

"There is the sting!" exclaimed Lucy, blushing deeply.

"I understand. The hints of Madame Pishert respecting Miss Charlton were well founded then!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY A. E. E.

If fortune, with a smiling face,
  Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up!
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care
  And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wronged us own their faults
  And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
  To-day, my love, to-day,
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
  And warmth from mem'ry borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we must?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

Pride's Penalty.

BY BERTIE SAYLE.

I WAS left an orphan at an early age, but with immense wealth.

Arriving at manhood, I enjoyed all that untrammeled leisure and money could procure.

When I was about thirty I determined to marry; and as my property consisted chiefly of land, situated in my native country, I intended when I married, to return there and make it my home.

One summer, after recovering from an attack of illness, I happened by chance, in traveling about to restore my health, to stop at a sea-bathing place, unfrequented by the fashionable world.

It was so unlike any other watering place I had ever visited, that I resolved to remain there until I became tired of it, as I had been of everything else.

At this retired place I met Fanny Fairclough. Her parents had gone there, like myself, for the benefit of their health rather than for amusement.

I soon discovered that Mr. Fairclough and my father had been college chums.

From my first interview with Fanny Fairclough I felt interested in her, and an intimate acquaintance increased that interest.

Soon I loved her as I had never loved woman; I read with her her favorite authors and mine; I walked and rode, and sung and talked, with her, and at last told her that I loved her.

She returned my passion, and the wedding day was to be within a year.

The year passed away more rapidly than I had anticipated. Oh, what a happy year that was! Even now, friendless and alone, a sorrow stricken old man on the verge of the grave I look back upon that period as the sunny time of my existence.

Daily my betrothed grew nearer and dearer to me. When my wedding day arrived I would have made it the occasion of a grand festival, I wished the world to witness my proud joy; but my bride looked on marriage as too solemn, too serious a thing for mirth.

At length, however, the bridal parties were over, and in the quietude of our home our characters began gradually to unfold themselves to each other's view.

I found that I was not mistaken in my estimate of my wife's love.

My moon of perfect love was at its full. All was joy; all was brightness; but the shadow descended on my hearth.

I brought it there, I fed it, I nursed it, until the light of joy was extinguished, and the sun of happiness had departed forever.

My temper was naturally violent, and I was obstinate, I was selfish.

Previous to my marriage, circumstances kept this infirmity of disposition in check, and for some months after, I controlled it.

But ere long there was a change.

Before the second year of my married life had passed away I had become that worst of all oppressors—a household tyrant.

At any annoyance, no matter how slight—if my meals were not ready at the appointed hours, if a paper or book were mislain, I would give way to expressions of anger of which afterwards, I really felt ashamed, knowing how unworthy they were of a man; and yet, then again, I repeated them, and more violently than before.

My wife bore this with patience, but her indulgence chafed me, and I sometimes uttered taunts which no human being could suffer in silence.

Then came a reply; and when this reply did come, sad scenes occurred. I would work myself into an insane passion, and utter words which in my cooler moments I shuddered at, and which invariably drove her weeping from the room. And yet soon after she would come, and beg to be forgiven for the very words which I had forced her to utter.

The demon within me rejoiced to see her pride thus humbled before mine, for never, no matter how much in fault, did I seek a reconciliation.

My temper became more and more violent, and at length, in one of our frequent quarrels, I proposed a separation.

Had a serpent stung her, she would not have gazed on it as she did on me.

"When you please," she finally replied, and left the room.

I stood aghast at what I had done. I had proposed a separation, and she had consented. I had said that on that very day I would commence arrangements for the purpose,—and could I break my word? Could I go to her, and beg her not to leave me, and that, when I myself had proposed such a step? My pride again forbade me, and I obeyed its dictates; but there still remained a secret hope within me that, on cool reflection, she herself would refuse.

I determined to consult a lawyer, in whose secrecy I could confide, and make such arrangements as were absolutely necessary.

I did so, and awaited results.

That night we were to go to a party. We did so. But not a word passed either of our lips on the way.

During the evening the voice of some one singing attracted my attention. The tones seemed familiar; I could not be mistaken, the voice was hers.

When it was finished she raised her eyes for a moment, and commenced another song—one I had never heard before—the story of a proud heart broken!

Then she ceased and rose from her seat, but so white was she that I feared she would faint.

We soon returned home. The distance was short, but the time seemed an age till we reached our house. I would have given worlds to have spoken and to have told her all—all my sorrow, all my repentance—but I could not; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; nor, indeed, until after she bade me good night, could I utter a word.

Then, and only then, I stammered out a request that she would remain a few moments.

She closed the door, and returned to her chair, raising her large dark eyes inquiringly to mine.

"Fanny," I said at last—I had not called her so for many months before—"Fanny, will you sing me those songs you sang to-night?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," she replied, and seating herself at the piano, she sang them again, in a clear, calm tone.

I had determined, when the songs were concluded, to seek a reconciliation; but the demon, pride, whispered, "Will you be less firm than she? This cannot last—why humiliate yourself?"

Alas, I listened and obeyed. I suffered the last opportunity to recall our lost happiness to escape.

Pride, the tyrant, was obeyed, and I suffered her to leave the room with a "good-night."

I went up into my own lonely chamber, and sat down and pondered on the events of the evening, regretting bitterly my folly in suffering my pride to master me.

I heard my wife moving about her room, which adjoined my own, and then suddenly a heavy fall and a low moan.

I rushed into her apartment, and found her extended on the floor.

I raised her in my arms and to my horror blood was streaming from her mouth.

The truth flashed upon me at once—she had broken a blood-vessel—she would die!

I sprang to the bell. In a few minutes,—minutes which seemed an age,—the servants entered the room, but staggered, horror-stricken, at beholding their beloved mistress apparently in the agonies of death.

"The doctor!—a doctor!" I shouted. "She will die—she will die!"

In a second they all went but one, who was sobbing and praying while she wiped the blood from the blue lips of her expiring mistress.

Oh what agony I suffered during the interval which ensued before the arrival of the physician!

I called her by the dearest names; I begged her to speak one word. I entreated her to forgive me—only to smile once more.

She slowly opened her large eyes; a slight smile passed over her face, and she was—dead!

Just then the physicians entered, and I begged and prayed of them to exert their skill to save her.

"It will be useless to attempt it," was their passionless reply; "no human power can restore life."

I did not believe them. My wife was not, could not be dead. I clasped her in my arms; I kissed her brow, her lips, and all became a blank!

Several months elapsed ere I recovered, and since that time my days have passed in tears and in prayers at her grave, my nights in dreaming of her goodness, her love, and my terrible sin. Years have rolled away since she was consigned to the tomb—years of suffering, of remorse, in which I clothed my spirit with sackcloth, and heaped ashes on my head. My deep repentance has, I fervently hope, at length procured forgiveness. Last night she smiled upon me in my dreams, and beckoned me away. I most joyfully acknowledge the summons. Ere many days I shall cross the portal of that mystic land where sorrows come not; and forgetting my crime, I shall abide with my angel forever and ever.

Orange Judd, Esq., the well-known editor of the "American Agriculturalist," New York, is spoken of in connection with the National Commissionership of Agriculture. There could not be a fitter man in the place.

LUCK AND OMENS.

THERE is scarcely any country in the world so blinded by superstition as India. The mind of a Hindoo is tinctured to such an extent with the conviction of a supernatural agency directing his every step, whether for good or for evil, that each moment almost of his life he looks for some omen indicating approval or disapproval of what he might at the time be engaged in, or be about to engage in. No sooner is a son born than the Brahman who is the family priest draws up his horoscope, as if able to announce whether the path in life of the child will be smooth and unruffled, or if he is destined to a rough and stormy future. When he has reached marriageable age the Brahmans again appear on the scene and are asked to fix an auspicious day, nay, even the hour and minute when the nuptial knot is to be tied; and should, through some mischance, that particular moment be allowed to pass away without the ceremony taking place, the marriage has to be put off till some other propitious day that has subsequently to be fixed upon, and which in some cases might not occur for a year or two. Even after his death a man cannot be secure from being made a victim to omens, for when that event does happen the priests are at work to ascertain whether the day he died was favorable to his happiness hereafter or otherwise.

Should a person about to undertake a journey or commence any work hear another sneeze, he will consider it a good or bad omen, according as the latter has sneezed once or twice. If once only, he will delay his departure for a few minutes or put off his work till some other time. So strongly and so generally is this believed in, that often serious consequences follow on a person sneezing inopportunely. Servants have been known to be dismissed by their masters, courtiers to be deprived of the favor of princes, for having been inadvertently the medium through whom an unlucky omen was displayed. The screeching of an owl is believed to portend death. So thoroughly are the people convinced of this that no sooner its dismal notes are heard than quite a commotion is created, and it often happens that at dead of night the whole village turns out to drive away this bird of ill-omen. Great care is also taken not to mention the name of a child in the night, for fear an owl should hear it, the popular belief being that it would in that case repeat the name every night, and the child, in consequence, would pine away and die. The scratching of the palm of the hand is believed to prognosticate that the person will receive some money, while the scratching of the sole of the foot indicates that a long journey will have to be undertaken. To hear the word "monkey" early in the morning is considered very unlucky, and evils of every description are looked forward to as likely to happen during the day. And yet a monkey is one of the sacred animals of the Hindoos. At Benares thousands of them are allowed to live in gardens specially set apart for them, and are fed by all classes of people, who in so doing consider they are performing an act of great charity and devotion. The snake is never mentioned at night, the popular belief being that it is sure to make its appearance if its name be uttered. If there is occasion to speak about it the word reptile is used instead. There exists a superstitious belief that, should credit be given for the first article sold in the morning, that day's business will be attended with great loss. Even if the purchaser be his best customer, the shopkeeper will either ask him to come again or to buy a trifling article and pay cash for it, thus enabling the person to perform his first cash transactions. After a person has taken off his shoes, should one fall over another it is believed to be an omen that the person is about to travel. Should he really meditate a journey he allows the shoes to remain in that position; if not, he puts them straight and is supposed thus to prevent his journey. A person meeting a severe loss or getting into some trouble is often known to attribute his misfortune to having seen some unlucky face in the morning, such as that of an oilman or a man of notoriously bad character, or one who has some bodily deformity. A person blind of one eye is considered exceptionally unlucky, and is generally avoided by all in the morning or when a journey is about to be undertaken. Among other bad omens may be mentioned a snake or jackal crossing one's path; hearing a person cry when you are going anywhere; the cawing of a crow and the crying of a kite; a cat crossing one's path, and the seeing an empty pitcher. It is strange as compared with the bad there are but few good omens. Among these may be mentioned the following: The meeting of a dead body being carried away and no one crying with it; seeing a pitcher with a rope attached to it or a Brahman carrying a jug of water from the Ganges; a lizard creeping up one's body; hearing a bride cry when she is leaving her parents and going to live with her husband; hearing the bell of a temple strike or a trumpet sound when one is setting out on a journey; a crow perched on a dead body floating down the river, and a fox crossing one's path.

The Fishery Question—Got a bite!

Scientific and Useful.

SAWDUST CAR-WHEELS.—A Western journal describes a model of a car-wheel made with an iron rim and hub, filled in with sawdust. A pressure of 25 tons on the hub failed to develop any signs of weakness.

GRASS FOR STRAW.—The *Paper World* says that the grass ordinarily growing on low, marshy ground near salt water furnishes an excellent material for paper, and contains nearly as much useful fibre to a ton as straw.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON CHINA.—A new method of reproducing photographs in colors on china will, it is predicted, completely revolutionize that art. By the new process a dinner plate can be converted into a veritable work of art at a slight expense—not one-twentieth of the cost by the plan of hand-painting.

PAPER PARCHMENT.—By saturating writing paper in a concentrated solution of neutral chloride of zinc, then washing and drying it, the sheets contract in size, become thicker, and resemble parchment. The solution may be used either cold or hot; but, in all cases, the paper must be washed in water before it is dried.

IRON AND RUST.—Besides the superheated steam system and the heated air system for preserving iron from rust, a new method for effecting the same purpose has been invented. It is called "inoxydizing." The articles are coated with a silicate composition and heated in a furnace until the composition is fused into the metal. The result is said to be very satisfactory.

WALK OF INSECTS.—As the result of his personal observations, a French investigator states that the walking of insects may be represented by that of three men in Indian file, the foremost and hindmost of whom keep step with each other, while the middle one walks in the alternate step. The walking of spiders can be represented by four men in file, the even numbered ones walking in one step, while the odd numbered ones walk in the alternate step.

VARNISH FOR IRON WORK.—To make a good black varnish for iron work, take eight pounds of asphaltum and fuse it in an iron kettle, then add two gallons of boiled linseed oil, one pound of litharge, half a pound of sulphate of zinc, (add these slowly, or it will fume over,) and boil them for about three hours. Then add one pound and a half of dark gum copal, and boil for two hours longer, or until the mass will become quite thick when cool. After which it should be thinned to the proper consistency.

HOW TO DEAL WITH RATS.—Make a whitewash yellow with copperas; and cover the walls, stones, and rafters of the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread put crystals of the copperas and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and sometimes even the soap-scraps are left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon starve them out.

Farm and Garden.

FOREST LEAVES.—It has been found by experiment that potatoes manured in the hill with decayed forest leaves produced sound tubers of a good size, while those fertilized with barnyard manure, growing in the same field, yielded many scabby and small-sized tubers.

ROSES.—Gardeners in the Azores have observed that the development of the buds of roses and some other flowers is quickened by the admission of smoke into the conservatories. Would the effect be the same in other parts of the world? It is very important that the earth should be tightly pressed down on the roots of roses.

OIL STONES.—In using oil-stones, a mixture of glycerine and alcohol may be employed instead of oil, which thickens and makes the stone dirty. The proportions of the mixture should vary according to the instrument to be sharpened. An article with a large surface, like a razor, sharpens best with a limpid fluid, as three parts of glycerine to one of alcohol. For narrow surfaces, more glycerine should be used.

THE GARDEN ON THE FARM.—The truck patch, says an agricultural authority, will pay in dollars and more in health. All the interests of the farm depend on health, and the road to health often runs through the truck patch. At a dish of red raspberries and cream the farmer forgets his weariness. Many luxuries are beyond the reach of farmers, but strawberries they can have, and these are often a means of grace. Hog and hominy have often been the means of backsliding.

HINTS.—Spent tan bark has been plowed into a compact clay soil with the best results, as it rendered the soil mellow and increased the warmth. Sheep manure is much richer than that of cows. Practically it is estimated at nearly double that of cattle. An Oregon farmer made considerable syrup from watermelons last year. The melons were run through a cider-mill, and the juice strained and boiled down. Sulphur is a good disinfectant in hen-houses and pens. Sprinkled on bushes and vines it does much towards preventing blight and mildew. Harness should never be kept in stables where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. Ammonia rots the leather.

BUTTER MAKING.—Keep only those cows that yield butter of good color, flavor and texture. There are some cows from which no one can get good butter. Feed only good food, the best for butter being early cut timothy and clover hay, and corn meal, and give only pure water. Observe the most scrupulous cleanliness in the stable and dairy. Keep the cows in good health and contented. Use a churn that brings the butter in thirty minutes. Keep the temperature of the milk and cream as near to sixty degrees as possible, and churn the cream when only slightly sour. Work the buttermilk out of the butter with the ladle, and not with the hands. If water is used it should be pure and cold. The butter should be cut or gashed in working, not "plastered" or flattened out. One ounce of pure dairy salt should be used for each pound of butter at two workings, with an interval of twelve hours between the working (for immediate use many prefer salt.) Pack at once in a sweet, clean oak firkin or pail, and cover with a layer of salt until the next packing is laid down. When the firkin is filled it should be headed up airtight and set in a cool, dry sweet cellar. The rest will be learned by experience.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

The New Premiums.

Our Diamante Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1881.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"AN OPAL RING."—Chapters I, II, III and IV.
"THE LOST WIFE."—Chapter XXXIX Continued, and Chapters XL and XLI.
"HELD IN HONOR."—Chapter VIII Continued and Chapter VII.
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
THE WORLD OF HUMOR.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
FEMININITIES.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
EDITORIALS. SANCTUM CHAT.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

AN OPAL RING.

IN this number of THE POST we begin a story that we can assure our readers they will find of more than ordinary interest. To a plot of unusual depth and brilliancy it adds charms of narration, and character, that give the story a continually increasing attractiveness.

HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS is defined as, "State of enjoyment." How expressive, and yet how faintly understood or realized. Many deem wealth requisite, and become completely absorbed in the pursuite of any such state as happiness. 'Tis a great error, and one into which man readily falls. "How shall money be gained?—what sacrifices shall be made to obtain it?" There are the all-absorbing questions which engross the life and involve the happiness of mankind.

Money is valued far exceeding its worth. It has gained power over the human mind vastly beyond its deserts, to the destruction of the purest susceptibilities of nature, the neglect of internal life and development, and the sad perversion of the true purposes of existence. How many refuse happiness, and blindly cast it from them. In vain for them does Nature clothe herself in garments of more than usual beauty. She woos them with every enticement she can offer, but they see not her charms.

The spirit of discontent with our lot is not a law of the Creator established as a spur to advancement, but is the effect of a deeper cause. It is not change of place that we need, but change of state. Not a going from one point in space to another, but a progression of the mind.

Why is this? Hh! if the world had skill to solve that problem, it would be a wiser and happier world. But only to a few is it given. Why are we so restless and dissatisfied with the present, even thought all of earthly goods surround us, and ever looking far away into the uncertain future for the good that never comes, or that loses its brightest charms in possession. Why? Because we are mere self-seekers.

Unselfish love is man's highest attribute. The eye does not see for itself, nor the ear harken; the feet do not walk, nor the hands labor for themselves; but each freely, and from an affection for the use in which it is engaged, serves the whole body, while every organ or member of the body conspires to sustain it.

See how beautifully the eyes direct the hands, guiding them in every minute particular, while the heart sends blood to sustain them in their labors, and the feet bear them to their appointed places: and the hands work not for themselves, but that the whole body may be nourished and clothed. Where each regard the general good, each is best served. The happiness of the heart is far better than gold; and, until the world has learned the truth, disorder and unhappiness will prevail.

SANCTUM CHAT

THE German Government, having prohibited the use of tobacco by boys under sixteen years of age, is considering the practicability of still more stringent laws, including the prohibition of beer in the army.

A PETITION to the Government for shortening the schools hours is being circulated in Berne, Switzerland. Two other desirable things are included in this petition for the sanitation of schools —the erection of school workshops and a more stringent insistence upon personal cleanliness.

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court says that a stepson is not a member of the stepfather's "family" within the meaning of a will by the stepfather to his "family," where the latter leaves a widow and his own child, although the stepson has lived with and been supported by the stepfather.

THE leading spelling reformers of Germany are thinking about holding an International Congress in Berlin at the same time as the Congress for Orientalists, in September. The subjects suggested for consideration are the formation of a common alphabet for Europe, of a common alphabet for the East, and, finally, of a universal alphabet.

AMONG recent inventions chronicled in Englann are a new balloon, an elastic lining for beer casks, a new process for illustrating soap cakes, a method for preventing collisions on railroads, an apparatus for turning over leaves of music, apparatus for cleaning and rolling up carpets, a coffin handle applicable to other purposes, and a self-emytying mouse-trap.

IT may serve to show how far the feeling of reverence for sacred things has died out among the masses of the Parisians when it is stated that "The Funny Bible," with "comic illustrations," is announced among the publications here. Nothing can be more repulsive than the thought of the World of God travestied and so much a theme of mockery by the giddy and profane.

THERE is a wide complaint, recently made a subject of discussion in Washington, that druggists frequently prescribe not only for colds and colics, but for more dangerous diseases. A physician is called in only as a last resort in such cases. It is charged that druggists sometimes use the prescriptions of physicians in cases where the judgment of the druggist is not trustworthy.

AN English journalist writes:—"For the more resolute spirits of the secret societies of Europe the King of Terrors has nothing really terrible about him. They have satisfied themselves that there is no life beyond the grave. The value of a belief in the immortality of the soul, as an instrument of social police, is incalculably great, and the gradual decay of this faith, with certain sections of desperate and abandoned men, is a sign of the times full of menace and alarm."

A LEARNED statistician found that the proportion of unmarried persons who kill themselves is decidedly greater than that of the married. The proportion of widowed persons is greater still, but that of the divorced is the largest, it being uniformly five times as great as that of the married. As regards the causes of suicide, he thinks that one-third of the cases of self-murder is caused by mental disease. The number caused by grief or disappointed love is exceedingly small. In every country three-fourths of all the suicides are of the male sex.

A NAVAL surveyor of New York says that most of the iron steamers recently built, or now being built in England and Scotland are of metal much inferior to any heretofore used. The prices at which the vessel is contracted for necessitate the use of cheap material. They are said, when in a heavy gale, to crackle under the strains and to cause their cheap machinery to break, also to be unable to sail through a field of ice without injury. The quality of these vessels is thoroughly revealed here when placed on the stocks for repairs; but it is not for the interest of the repairers to expose it.

THE new prohibition law of Kansas is meeting with the strongest opposition from a quarter whence trouble was probably least expected. The law absolutely forbids the use of wine in the Sacrament, punishing the minister who so administers the Sacrament with two years imprisonment in the penitentiary, and shutting up the church itself as a public nuisance, according to the interpretation of the rector of the Episcopal Church at Lawrence. Last Sunday that clergyman administered the Sacrament as usual, regardless of the consequences, having previously announced to the congregation his determination so to do. He said:—"We are willing to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but we will still give to God the things that are His. I say, as did Peter, 'Judge ye whether we should obey men rather than God.' Of one thing you may be assured, we shall never recognize for a moment the attempts of human legislation to destroy the great Sacrament."

SOME remarkable revelations concerning the adulteration of food are made in the annual report, just published, of the Inspector of Vinegar of the city of Boston. The total amount of vinegar sold and used in Boston is 3,000,000 gallons. Of this, the inspector declares, less than one tenth is pure apple juice, the rest being a villianous decoction of molasses, glucose, acetic acid, sour ale, lager beer distillery slops, etc., made for about half the cost of pure cider vinegar.

SUCH people as the promoters of "Salvation Army" work are pushing their evangelical efforts in this style in London. Here is one of their handbills:—"Important Notice — Express Trains from Earth to Heaven. Tickets free; available at Providence Hall, every Sunday at one and half-past six o'clock and every evening during the week. Pass on through the Wicket Gate of repentance; turn to the right. You cannot mistake, as the cars are all first class and not any smoking compartments." This kind of literature is distributed in vast quantities. It brings in the illiterate and uncultured.

LONDON WORLD says: The fool of the family is not sent to the Bar; he is not expected to make his fortune in the city, or to acquire a large practice as physician. But he is repeatedly hurried into the Church, and when he fails to advance beyond a curacy he is allowed to bewail the beggarly chances of the sacred vocation. Hundreds of graduates of the universities of Great Britian become ordained yearly without any pretence to the possession of evangelical fervor, and for no other reason than that there is nothing else which they can do. Moreover, the Church of England is so extremely liberal and lax as to the opinions of its recognized teachers and rulers that almost any doctrines known to Christendom may be held and advocated within its limit.

SCARCELY a day passes that some society of a unique character does not take its place in the social system. Beneficent or otherwise, these organizations furnish new evidence of the restless activity of modern civilization, and in contemplation of that fact a philosopher might find solace. One of the most recent and singular manifestations of this social energy is found in the formation at Paris of a Post-Mortem Examination Society, whose members pledge themselves to utilize their bodies after death "for the profit of the scientific idea" by leaving them for examination, dissection, or whatever other purposes may seem fit. The results of the post-mortem will be drawn up at the lowest price for the family of the deceased. Every member is expected to pay $1,00 annually, in return for which his autopsy will be performed free of charge, provided he dies in Paris. The prime object of the society is to increase the value of post-mortem examinations by offering subjects whose character and personality are known to the operator. It is supposed that this knowledge will be especially serviceable in respect to persons who die of brain disease.

OVER THE BORDER-SEA.

BY A. W. CROWELL.

Hark! he is calling me!
Back from the vale of light;
Back to the shades of night;
Back from the shores of Eternity,
Washed by the waves of the silver sea
Back from Life's mystery;
Back to Life's misery.

"Evalie! Evalie!"
Tenderly, pleadingly!
Softly and lovingly
His voice is calling me.
Over the waves of the border sea;
Washing the shores of Eternity—
Cometh his dear voice, gentle and low,
Calling me hence but I cannot go.

* * * * * * *

Over the waves of the border-sea,
Washing the shores of Eternity,
Comes there a whisper angelic and low,
Soothing the heart that was burdened with woe.
Down from the land of the great To Be;—
Down from the shores of Eternity;—
Over the waves of the silver sea,
Floated a whisper, "Come, love to me!"

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD" "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT,"
"WEAKER THAN A WOMAN,"
"LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE,"
ETC. ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

HOW well in the after years she remembered one little incident that occurred about this period! Lady Caton gave a water-party, and the invitations included some of the most famous London celebrities. Lady Iris Fayne, Sir Fulke, and Lady Clyffarde, Miss Bardon and her brother, were also to be present. The party went some distance up the river, and a few of the members of it landed at a pretty old-fashioned village on the banks of the Thames. Amongst the number was Lady Iris; and Sir Fulke seized the opportunity of joining her, while John Bardon gnashed his teeth with rage. A little church, gray with age and embowered in trees, presently attracted Lady Iris's attention.

"I wish I had my sketch-book here," she said. "I should like to make a sketch of this."

The square tower was cover with ivy, while the windows were framed in it; and from many of the mossy gravestones the names had been quite obliterated. It was a quiet beautiful spot. Lady Iris grew thoughtful; she was young and healthy, and she wondered whether she would one day lie beneath the long green grass and be forgotten, as were some of those lying there. Over the radiant loveliness of her face came a faint shadow; and Sir Fulke, watching her keenly, asked her the cause of it.

"I was thinking," she said, "that under each of these green mounds lies some one who has perhaps been as happy as I am now. So shall I lie sleeping one day, forgotten as they are forgotten."

"Looking at you,' he answered, "it seems impossible to realize that you will ever die. It is the greatest of all mysteries to me that such beauty can change or fade."

"Yet if the soul has been held with honor," she said, "it goes into a higher life."

This sudden thought of death in the midst of her brilliant life troubled her. She left Sir Fulke and went round the churchyard. Under the drooping boughs of a small silver birch she saw a white cross gleaming; she went up to it, parted the long grass, and read these words—

"In memory of Alice White, aged twenty-one. Tired of life. I welcome death. You who read will one day lose youth, beauty, and life, to sleep as I sleep."

The words struck her with something like fear. Why had Alice White died at twenty-one, when the world was just opening to her? Why was she tired of life? Why did she welcome death? What mournful mystery was hidden under the grass and the white marble cross? Lady Iris stood there for some time, holding back the long grass that she might the better see the name.

It was a turning point in her life. There before her was a warning that one day youth, beauty, and life must leave her, and she must sleep with the dead. Some thought of the folly and emptiness of pride came to her, a sense of it being meanness after all; some of the higher and better feelings of her nature, which were in some measure deadened by her triumphs in society, awoke in her. Her favorite words came back to her, "Held with honor" What did it mean after all but this life should be so spent as to fit her for the life to come? Did the life she was leading content her—this life of pleasure,gaiety,and—— Ah, no; there was something higher than that!

Sir Fulke's voice changed the current of her thoughts.

"You look so troubled Lady Iris, that I cannot keep away from you," he said. "Will you not tell me the cause?"

"I have nothing to tell," she answered gently. "A graveyard naturally gives rise to serious thought."

She could not open her heart to Sir Fulke, even though she had known him from childhood; and it struck her all at once that there was no one to whom she could tell such thoughts as had been passing through her mind.

The water-party ended with a dance, which was all the more delightful because it was unexpected; and in the course of the evening Sir Fulke determined to know his fate. He could no longer bear the suspense; he must know his doom. Lady Iris was in a softened mood, such as comes to the young and happy when they are beginning to realize the higher and holier mysteries of life. Sir Fulke was delighted. It seemed to him that she had never been so gracious. She danced with him and chatted with him.

"I could not bear it another night," he said to himself. "I must know my fate. If I do not win her my life will be a blank; I shall go abroad and never come home again. She would make home heavenly for me if she were my wife."

He took courage. The proud face certainly softened to him, and the bright eyes had a sweetness they sometimes lacked.

"Lady Iris," he said, when the dance she had given him was over, "will you come out on to the balcony? The rooms are warm; and you have no idea what a beautiful starlit night it is. Will you come out for a while?"

She never dreamed that he was going to make love to her. Like most girls, she had had vague delightful dreams of what love would be like when it came. But she was not ready for it yet, her life was filled at present with her gaieties; the more serious business of love had yet to come.

So under the stars the proud young beauty stood, and by her side was the man who loved her better than his life. She was calm and silent: the strange new influence that she had felt in the churchyard was still upon her. She did not know that he was trembling with agitation, that his heart beat so fast he could hardly breathe, that his courage was fast completely failing him. His vanity gave him little consolation, and for the first time in his life he felt uncertain of his own merits.

He looked at the proud lovely face, so severe and calm. What would she say when he told her that he loved her? She started as he drew nearer to her; and, looking into his face,she saw something there which compelled her to listen.

He told her all—the story of his love, his hope, and his longing—and for some moments she stood in perfect silence. At last she spoke.

"I am very sorry," she said slowly. "I did not know you loved me."

"Do not decide hastily, Lady Iris," he begged. "I am afraid I am not very eloquent; words almost fail me Think if there is really no hope for me. You hold my life in your hands."

"No," she replied slowly; "thinking would be vain. I could never marry you. I do not and could not love you."

It was terrible hard to hear his pleading, and yet have no kinder word to give him.

"Will you tell me," he said, "if you love any one else?"

"I do not," she answered. "I have not thought much of love; but I think if ever I love any one it will be a man who has something of the hero in him."

"I wish I were a hero," he said, with a deep sigh. "I cannot reproach you, Lady Iris. That you do not, cannot love me is no fault of yours; but, if you could have loved me, you might have made me a noble man."

"You can always make yourself noble if you will," she replied; and she felt grateful when an interruption took place that ended the scene.

The rooms were no longer so full; many of the guests, tired after the long day upon the water, had gone home. Sir Fulke sought Lady Clyffarde. He was very pale, and his eyes were shadowed.

"Mother," he said, "I am beaten—I have lost. I have asked Lady Iris to be my wife, and she has refused. Norcott leaves for a cruise in his yacht next week, and I shall go with him."

"My poor boy, I am so grieved!"

"I was not good enough for her," he went on in a low pained voice. "Instead of wondering why she has rejected me, I wonder that I had the presumption to ask her! Do not cry, mother; some day I shall forget this mad, beautiful dream of my life, and marry some quiet commonplace girl who will make me a good wife and bring up my children well. She—Heaven bless her'—says she will marry a hero."

"I hope she will find one to her taste," said Lady Clyffarde, with a tinge of bitterness in her voice. It was by no means pleasant to find her son so little appreciated.

In his hurry and excitement Sir Fulke had forgotten the possibility of being overheard. One person however had been listening intently to their conversation. John Bardon had entered the room unperceived, and had heard every word that had passed.

He was rejected then—this man who prided himself on his high birth and his noble name, who was vain of his fine ancestral home, of his handsome face and figure. John Bardon felt a thrill of exultation. She did not love his rival, and he knew that she had not favored any of the men who had crowded round her during the season. A fierce joy seized him—a wild excitement and elation. If she had refused his rival, it might be because she loved him. He would believe it, no matter what any one might say. He was in every respect the opposite of Sir Fulke, and, if she did not admire the master of Clyffe Hall, she must therefore admire him, as he was so different from him in every way.

John Bardon rose from his seat, trying to realize what had happened, his heart beating fast, his pulses throbbing wildly. The field was clear to him—in the first intoxication of the moment he remembered only that. Presently he saw Lady Iris, and he could bear the suspense no longer. A wild impulse seized him to go up to her and say, "You have refused Sir Fulke Clyffarde, now give me a chance; but a moments reflection told him that would never do.

He drew near to her. She was just taking her departure with Mrs. Bellew, and he was in time to escort her to the carriage. She was gentler than usual; on her radiant face lay the first shadow that love had ever brought there—sorrow for Sir Fulke and the pain she had given him Perhaps too those words, "Tired of life, I welcome death," haunted her.

John Bardon was not slow to perceive that she was gentler and kinder than usual. How it happened he never knew but he found himself placing the pretty white wrapper round her, and she gave no sign of displeasure. While drawing the garment lightly round the lovely shoulders, the fragrance of the flowers she wore reached him and seemed to drive all reason and prudence from him. He grew reckless—he felt that he could raise her in his arms and carry her off against all opposition. She shrank from his ardent gaze; but oh,wonders of wonders! when he offered her his arm to take her to the corriage, she did not refuse, but laid her dainty white hand on it.

It was now daybreak, and, anxious to avoid all compliments or anything which could distress her, she said hastily—

"How beautiful Chandos must look at dawn?"

"I wish we were there," he returned, with a deep sigh. "All the pleasures of London are as nothing compared with the beauty of home."

"Those are strange sentiments for a young man of fashion!" laughed Lady Iris.

He helped her into the carriage and drew the wraps closely round her. He was so anxious about her comfort and showed such gentle solicitude that she could not help feeling grateful to him.

"Are you sure that you are warm enough, Lady Iris?" he asked. "Sometimes the winds of May are very treacherous."

"No, no, Mr. Bardon; I refuse to believe that anything belonging to May can be treacherous! Everything connected with it is sweet; and it is the month of flowers."

"I am sorry my experience does not agree with yours," he answered.

Then he leaned over the carriage door, and Mrs. Bellew turned away her head lest she should overhear what he had to say

"I envy the flowers that are dying in your hands, Lady Iris," he said. "Will you not say one kind word to me before I leave you—one that I may live on until I see you again?"

She noticed that he was deadly pale; and his emotion and the passion that trembled in his voice startled her. She tried to speak calmly.

"I thank you very much for your kindness and attention," she said.

He bent his head still lower.

"Is that all, Lady Iris?" he asked.

"That is all," she replied.

He seemed to take courage. Drawing one of the fading roses from her bouquet, he said—

"I shall keep this, even if you are angry with me, in memory of the happiest hour I have known yet."

Before she could answer him the carriage rolled on; and he was left standing bare-headed under the stars, intensely happy, intoxicated with his passion, and dead to almost everything, thinking only of her.

"I shall win her," he said to himself, with an exultant laugh; "and she shall be a queen. There shall be no one in the world like her; she shall have jewels fit for an empress. My beautiful darling, your proud face shall soften for me, your sweet eyes shall brighten and droop for me! Shall I ever dare to call her 'Iris'—'Lady Iris Bardon?' Shall I ever dare to call her 'darling,' to call her 'wife?'"

From that moment he gave himself up to the maddest passion that had ever filled a man's heart. He resolved that he would win her, no matter what it cost or what happened; he did not sleep for thinking of her. He had never ventured yet to call at Fayne House in the hope of spending an hour with Lady Iris; but he would do so that very day. He would go in the afternoon, and would then begin his wooing.

"If I win her," he said to himself, "I shall be a good man; if I lose her, I shall grow reckless and go to the dogs."

Six or seven hours later he sought his sister, upon whose loyalty he knew he could depend.

"Marie," he said, "I have news for you. You must not speak of it yet, as it is unknown to everybody but myself. You must not ask me how I learned it; but I know it is true. Sir Fulke has made Lady Iris an offer of marriage" He did not see how the fair face blanched and the firm lips trembled. "That is no great news, of course," he continued; "we all expected it. The wonder is to come."

"She has accepted him?" said Marie quietly.

"No, my dear—she has refused him. Can you imagine that, Marie? Refused him! And the fellow is so vain, that I believe he thought no girl could say 'No' to him."

"Refused him, John? Are you sure? People credit such absurd rumors," she cried.

"It is quite true. She has refused him; and he leaves England next week."

"Leaves England!" she echoed, while her lips grew paler. "Are you sure of that?"

"Yes—and it is a good thing too; nothing could be better for him. Traveling will teach him his proper level; he thinks too much of himself. And now, Marie—are you listening?—I want to tell you something. I love Lady Fayne, and I have set my heart on winning her. I must tell you—I must tell some one, or my heart will break with the weight of its secret. I love her so dearly and deeply that my love almost maddens me!"

She looked at him in deep concern.

"I am sorry to hear it, John," she said—"sorry indeed; for she will never love you."

"How do you know that? Why do you dare to say that?" he cried, so fiercely that she shrank from him, pale and scared. Still she was not to be frightened from telling him the truth.

"I am sure of it, John," she said. "Do not give yourself up to such a cruel delusion. She is too proud; she would not marry you if you were ever so rich. She would not indeed, believe me!"

"And why not?" he cried. "Pray tell me."

"Because you are not well-born," she replied. But he laughed scornfully.

"I will make her marry me; I will force her to love me, or I will kill her!" he cried; and his sister shuddered at his words.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN BARDON now devoted himself heart and soul to the winning of Lady Iris. In vain his sister pointed out to him that she who had refused some of the best offers in England would not be likely to marry him. Like Lady Clyffarde, he had some vague idea of her character; and he knew that she would never fall in love in a commonplace manner, that there must be something unusual in the man whom she loved, and this, he believed, would be found in himself, for he was different in every way from the "gilded youths" who surrounded her. He felt sure of success, and laughed at Marie's warnings.

"When did a great love ever fail?" he would say. "It is the dwarfed puny feeling people call love that fails, not a great passion like mine. I shall win her, Marie, you will see."

Lady Iris was rather surprised when she saw John Bardon enter the drawing-room at Fayne House.

"I am fortunate to find you at home," he said. "You gave me permission to call sometimes upon you, because we are neighbors when we are at home. I want you to give me some advice; you were kind enough to say that you were interested in my career."

She had repented more than once of those well-meant but rather imprudent words. There was no help for it; she could not unsay them. She bowed, and he drew great encouragement from her manner.

"You do not know how happy those words made me," he went on; "I have thought of them ever since. And now I want to ask your advice, since you said you were interested in my career, it has become more precious to me than ever."

"You must not attach too much importance to my words," she said, blushing at the seeming vanity of her speech and almost hating herself for having to utter it.

"Nay," he answered, with a bright smile; "you shall not take from me the happiest memory I have, that of your own kind words. I want your advice, and I am sure you will give it to me. I have health and strength, and plenty of money at command; tell me for what career you think I am best fitted, and I will pursue it with an ardor that shall make even you wonder at me."

The softness vanished from her face, all the pride and hauteur returned to it. Still she would not be unkind; she thought of Sir Fulke's face, which was so full of pain when she rejected his suit; she would try and be kind and gentle to this man, although his presumption was hard to tolerate.

"I do not see how I can, Mr. Bardon. To give advice as to a career one must know the person well to whom the advice is given; and I do not know you well."

He winced at the words spoken by the lips he loved so devotedly; they pierced him like a dagger.

"You were so good as to say that my career interests you; will you tell me why?"

"Will you be offended with me," she asked, laughing a little, "if I tell you the truth, or rather will it annoy you?"

"Nothing that you could do or say, Lady Iris, would ever annoy me," he replied, "but I must say that I should like to know why you used those words, why you said you were interested in my career."

She looked up at him with laughing eyes.

"Because you are so earnest, so full of energy, and particularly because you will have so much money. I am sure you will not know what to do with it all."

Though the words amazed him, the friendly smile reassured him. She had never spoken to him in such a fashion before; none the less however was he charmed by the sweet voice, and by the smile that played round the lovely lips.

"Do you think," he said, "that I should do for the Army, Lady Iris? You may consider me presumptuous; but those words of yours have remained in my memory—they have saved me from giving myself up to a life of idleness and folly. Now when I ask you to confirm them, do not turn from me in cold disdain and light cruel words. I may be very much beneath you, Lady Iris, but I have a heart which can suffer and a soul that may be worth saving. One word from you will influence my whole life."

"I cannot advise you; I do not know your tastes and habits."

"I can shape them," he said, "in any way. Let me tell you this much; there is something in this life I want to win—an object I want to attain. I would give anything to win it."

"What is it?" she asked, wonderingly.

"The love of a woman," he replied—"of a woman who is far above me."

"Then why seek it, if you can never reach it?" she asked.

"I am determined to reach it; and I have vowed to make my life-pursuits the ladder by which I shall reach it. Will you help me by telling me what career you think would suit me best?"

"Honestly speaking, I do not know," she replied. "You forget that we are almost strangers."

"Nay, I cannot admit that," he said. "I know that you feel kindly toward me, Lady Iris. Do you not?"

"Yes, most certainly I do," she answered; "but to feel kindly toward any one and be able to suggest a career, or even advise about one, are very different things. I should have thought you would have found enough to do upon your father's large estate without seeking anything outside your own home."

"It would not satisfy me!" he cried. "I want more to do. I must have a superabundance of energy, for I find myself always longing for work. Do you think, Lady Iris, that I should find a suitable sphere for work in the Army. What do you think?"

"I think," she replied slowly, "that no man can serve two interests. If you are to be a good landlord, you cannot at the same time be a hard-working officer—the thing is impossible."

"Then the Army is henceforth a sealed book to me," he said; but Lady Iris held up her hand with a warning gesture.

"You must not say that. Indeed I have neither the wish nor the intention to guide you in the least. I would not undertake the responsibility with a brother of my own, if I had one."

"I hope," he said, bending forward eagerly, "that I shall be able to induce you to do for me what you would not do for a brother of your own, Lady Iris."

She drew back with a haughty gesture which he would not notice, and rejoined coldly and proudly—

"I do not know why you should say that, Mr. Bardon. I said once—and, if you speak to me often about it, I shall repent having spoken the words—that I was interested in your career; but it is only the interest that one feels in all self-reliant characters, and, let me add, in all near neighbors."

"You certainly do the best you can, Lady Iris, to take all the kindness from your words." And there was something so pitiable and so pathetic in his voice that she hesitated, then smiled, and said—

"One hardly knows what to say to you."

"Say something kind!" he cried. "I am sure that kindness goes farthest!"

"I do not want to go far, as you express it," answered Lady Iris—"that is the very thing I wish to avoid."

His countenance fell and his eyes darkened.

"Is there any objection to you saying this, 'I wish you God speed, John Bardon?'"

"There is no particular objection," she said. "At the same time I see no reason for saying it."

"At least say, 'I wish you well.' You cannot refuse to say that!"

"I wish you well, Mr. Bardon," she said; "and now our interview must end."

* * * * * *

"Have you counted the list of wounded, Iris?" said the Earl laughingly to his daughter. "I should imagine it to be a long one."

"I have not wounded any one intentionally, papa," she answered. "I cannot understand how it is that when a young girl really begins life the trouble of love and lovers begin with it. I was so happy in the thought of coming to London; but, although I have enjoyed myself very much, half my happiness has been marred by the pain I have given. I wish people would let love alone."

The Earl smiled sadly.

"Ah, my darling, you will fall in love some day—and I am not sure that it will be a happy day for you! The Faynes are not, as a rule, fortunate in love. Many of the marriages in our family have been like state marriages—love has had little to do with them. The love-matches have been few and far between, and they have not all been prosperous." His face clouded, as it did always when he spoke of love or marriage. "Some of our race," he continued, "have sacrificed everything for love. I remember the story of one member of our family who married a beautiful noble lady who had a large fortune. He did not love her, although they lived happily enough after a fashion; but after her death, my dear, he met some one whom he loved with all his heart. She was not quite his equal; but he married her, took her away from the world, and lived with her for one year—a year of unspeakable bliss in a hidden paradise, and then she died. The happiness of his life was concentrated in that one year."

"And she died, papa?" said Lady Iris mournfully.

"Yes, died, Iris, so I have read; and there was no more happiness in this world for him. I have read that for hours after her death he sat holding the hand of the only woman he had ever loved, and refused to be parted from her, and that after she was buried those who had charge of him used sometimes to awake in the night and find him missing, and, on going to his wife's grave, would discover him lying on it with outstretched arms. Think, Iris, of the love that drew him out into the cold and darkness to be near to her whom he had lost."

He heaved a deep sigh; and she looked at him curiously.

"Papa, where did you read that? I should like to read it too."

"I will show you some day," he replied, "when we go to Fenton Woods. The whole of the family records are kept there; and we will go over them together."

"There is one thing that strikes me, papa," she said. "I have never heard of a Fayne who married beneath him, who brought a shadow on our name by marrying one not worthy to bear it."

"No," he replied; "but the question is, What makes a woman unworthy to bear it? King Cophetua married a beggar-maid; but no one ever said she was not fit to be a queen."

"That was an exceptional case; besides, he was a king."

The Earl looked anxiously at his daughter.

"I suppose, Iris, that nothing would induce you, for instance, to marry a man whom you consider beneath you?"

A flush spread over the lovely face and the beautiful eyes flashed.

"I marry beneath me, papa? It would be far easier for me to die—you understand, to die!"

"I understand, my dear," he replied quickly.

"I should never love, papa, as you express it, beneath me; I could not. I have been trained to live according to the spirit of the words, 'Hold with honor.' I should not hold my name in honor if I gave it to one who was unfitted by birth and training to bear."

"Iris," said the Earl suddenly, "do you believe in no other nobility than that of birth?"

"Yes," she answered slowly; "I believe in the nobility of virtue, genius, and intellect. I do not believe in money."

"Suppose," he said, "that you had two lovers, both humbly born, one a millionaire, the other a genius, and that you were compelled to choose one—which would it be?"

"The genius," she replied quickly. "To me money could never atone for humble birth; but genius might. I need not trouble however to discuss the point, papa; for nothing would induce me to marry either. If ever I love and marry any man, it will be one whose race is as ancient and honorable as my own. You ought to be pleased to hear me say so, papa; I do not believe you are."

He laughed at her words, although the grave look deepened on his face

"You have mortally wounded one admirer, Iris," he said. "I met Sir Fulke yesterday; he was just leaving town to join a yachting-party. He expects to be absent for some time. He told me that he had been rejected by you; and I feel sorry for him. I wish you could like him, for in every respect he is eligible."

"That is, he is well-born, well-bred, handsome, and accomplished. That is not enough, papa. I could only love a hero."

"I hope you will find one, my dear. Every man has, I believe, more or less of the heroic in him; but every man is certainly not a hero. You will be fortunate if you find one."

"I shall try, papa," she answered, smiling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the grounds on which an Ohio wife demands a divorce is that her husband sleeps with a pistol in his hand.

Massinello's Vesta.

BY MILLICENT ARTHUR.

MASSINELLO, a handsome young artist of Florence, sat before an unfinished picture, lost in deep reverie. He was the talk of Florence, not only because he had painted a successful picture, but because he was a stranger in the city, and none knew whence he came.

The Count Michael Fontani, an old nobleman of Florence, and one of the most wealthy and powerful, had commissioned Massinello to paint for him the Goddess Vesta, the deity of the domestic hearth; and, at the suggestion of a friend, the Count's fair ward, Zillah, had been sent to the studio of the artist, clad in the drapery which had been chosen, there to give such help of copy as her face and feature might afford.

"A dangerous experiment," said some of the more thoughtful of those who knew the circumstances.

But Michael did not think of it; or, if he did think, he did not fear. Zillah was the child of one of the noblest houses of Tuscany, an orphan, left in his guardianship only until she should reach her majority, when she would take into her own hands one of the grandest estates that adorned the Valley of the Arno.

As for the Count himself with the frost work of age upon his brow, and the burden of sorrow upon his memory, he took little heed of the possibilities of youthful hearts. He wanted a picture of the Goddess Vesta, and it pleased him to think that the same canvas should bear an impress of the form and features of his beloved ward.

But it happened as the gossips said. The fair Zillah and the young artist had fallen in love with each other, and the Count had seen his ward clasped in the painter's arms.

Early on the following day after he had seen this, Michael Fontani visited the studio again. He found the artist pale and sad and his own face gave token of kindred feelings.

"Massinello," he said, "I have not come to upbraid. Zillah told me all; and there let it end. She will come no more. And now of the picture—can you finish it?"

"Not this one, my lord. I dare not dwell longer even upon the painted features of the Lady Zillah. But I have an ideal which I will place upon the canvas for you; I painted it once in a Madonna, for the Convent of Stefano; but it will make a much better Vesta."

"Saint Stefano?" repeated the Count, visibly affected.

"Yes; do you know the place?"

"It is among the mountains of Modena," said the Count.

"The same."

"I have been there; but let it pass. You will paint the picture?"

"I will."

* * * * *

Massinello selected a new canvas, and commenced a new picture; the face which he painted was one that had been with him since the early morning of his life—a face that had smiled upon him in his dreams, and beamed upon him from the mystic realms of the memories that linked the present with the past.

When the picture was finished, the artist Ludovich came to see it.

"Massinello," he said, "that is not a goddess—it is an angel."

"You forget," replied the painter, "that the goddess of the Domestic Circle must needs be an angel."

"You are right. My soul! it is very beautiful. It is beyond criticism—it is the type of no earthly beauty. It is spiritual—it is angelic—it is divine!"

And, in time, the Count Michael Fontani was summoned to see the picture. He stood alone with the painter in the studio, and the curtain was withdrawn from the canvas. The old man looked, and a cry escaped his lips. He gazed again and his frame was convulsed. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and finally he sank down upon a seat, entirely overcome by his emotions.

"My lord," said the artist, who had witnessed the scene with wonder, "what do you see in my picture?"

"Massinello!" cried the Count, "where did you get it? Who is it? Whence those features? Oh, my soul! whence came they?"

"My lord," replied the painter, still wondering, "are they familiar to you?"

"Familiar! Is my own life familiar? Is my own heart familiar? But tell me—for the love of Heaven, tell me—is it all fancy on your part?"

"No, my lord. The ideal of my Vesta has been with me since my earliest recollection. That face was the first that ever beamed upon me in love—the first to wear a smile for me."

"You knew her, then?"

"Yes—no. I knew her, and I knew her not."

"Signor, you trifle. Pray, what mean you?"

"My lord, why do you question me? Do you know my Vesta? Did you ever see a face like that before?"

"Ay, young man. But speak you first—in Heaven's name, speak!"

"The story is very simple, and can be told in few words," said the painter, seating himself. "I have never told it in Florence; but I will tell it to you. I was a mere infant—not more than a year old—when the monks of Saint Stefano found me in one of the wild upper passes of the Apennines. It was in mid winter, and I had been saved from freezing by the woman who had covered me with her own garments. We were taken to the convent—the woman and myself—and carefully nursed. I lived; but the woman died. She called me her child—she made a sign that she was my mother—but she spoke no other word. I grew and thrived, my patron being the good Father Paulus; and when I had manifested a love for art, I was assisted and encouraged. And so I became a painter. Before I left Saint Stefano, Paulus wished me to paint a Madonna for their chapel. One sweet face had haunted me all my life—had been with me in my waking and in my sleeping dreams—and that face I gave to the Madonna. The monks, when they saw it, declared that it was the face of the woman in whose arms they had found me—the woman who had called me her child. But they told me nothing new; for, in my deepest heart, I had known that it was my mother's face thus treasured up in the sacred keeping of my soul."

"And that," whispered Fontani—"this face of the Vesta——"

"Was also that of my mother."

"Signor, you have not told me how you came to be lost upon the mountains. Did you never know?"

"As I have told you, my lord, my mother, when found, was too faint and exhausted to tell her story; and she did not recover. But several years afterwards one of the monks confessed a dying brigand, who related that, a few days previous to the finding of that woman and child by the monks, his band had attacked and robbed a party of travelers in one of the passes of the Novo di Monte, and that they had taken a young and beautiful woman, with her child, a prisoner, intending to hold her for ransom; but one stormy night, when near Saint Stefano, she escaped from them, and they could not find her. The brigand described the dress of the woman, and the monks knew it was the same which they had found."

"And that dress—was it preserved?"

"Yes; the monks have it at the convent."

"I must see it!"

"My lord!"

"Oh, Lucetta! Lucetta! My own—my loved—my lost!" And thus crying, the Count sank upon his knees before the picture, and the warm tears rolled over his cheeks in a flood.

The painter started to his feet and moved to the old man's side.

Michael Fontani arose, and looked into the young man's face.

"I need not seek the convent," he said. "The truth is revealed. It is as though the Vesta had been meant [illegible] It was I who traveled in the passes of Novo di Monte in that far gone year, it was I whom the brigands attacked, it was my wife and child who were snatched away from me, and though I spent long and weary years in the search, I found them not. And now—now—I find my wife come back to me in this picture; and thou—thou—my child! Oh, I need not that the monks should tell me, for I know it very well!"

And the old man fell upon the painter's bosom, and wept afresh.

* * * * *

After all, before making the discovery public, the Count resolved to visit the convent of Saint Stefano, and he took Massinello with him. He found the dress, and a few articles of jewelry, which had been taken from the dead woman and he knew that it was his wife who had died [illegible] old walls. But God had been very [illegible] for his child had been spared [illegible] a child [illegible] word [illegible] And the grave no longer [illegible] their prayers [illegible]

And when they returned to Florence the old Count [illegible] Zillah, and she gave her hand where she had left her heart months before.

The Count [illegible] of the name [illegible] painting of the Goddess [illegible] and which is still preserved in [illegible] of the Pitti Palace in Italy, and known as "Massinello's Vesta."

The well-known advertising firm of N. W. Ayer & Son, have made still another improvement in their extensive trade by the purchase of the Philadelphia business of Pettingill & Co. of New York. Ayer & Co. commenced business in [illegible], and since then, by just and careful attention to the business of all parties concerned, have extended their field of [illegible], until they stand second to no house in America. They have brought advertising to the rank of a science and the thorough performance of their duties is testified to by the fact that many of the largest advertisers in the country deal entirely through them.

New Publications.

"Lenox Dare," by Virginia F. Townsend, is [illegible] that can be commended to all readers. It is the history of a girl who, with queer vagaries, shows touches of real nobleness, and ultimately develops into a very lovable womanhood. [illegible] fascinating, [illegible] who guide their [illegible] assured that the story is one from which any young person will rise with pure thoughts [illegible] For sale by Lippincott [illegible] Price $1.50.

MAGAZINES.

The April number of St. Nicholas comes, as usual, replete with attractions for its many readers. It opens with a frontispiece picture, "The Lesson on the Sampler," and a graphic little story entitled "Lost in the Fog." "The Smallest Bird in the World," is an interesting sketch of the humming bird, by Alice May. The other contents are: "Master Moono," by S. Conant Foster; "Mystery in a Mansion," concluded; "My Barometer," verses by Hannah R. Hudson; "Foxy Confucius," by W. H. Davenport; "The Cochineal," by L. M. [illegible]; "Cross Patch," by M. E. Wilkins; [illegible] "April First," by Jenny Marsh Parker; "The Little [illegible] Elephant," by E. Bellew, Jr. "Who Told Mother?" verses by Mary C. Bartlett; "Disgraced," (jingle) by S. S. Record; "The Cooper and the Wolves," by Hjalmar H. Boyesen; "Easter Card," by Addie Ledyard; "[illegible] Spectacles," by Susan Hartley [illegible] "Mary, Queen of Scots," by Mrs. [illegible] "A [illegible] for Mamie," by [illegible] "[illegible] in [illegible] Wonderland," by [illegible] L[illegible]ald; "Why?" verses by M. M. D. [illegible] Peterkins' Excursion for Maple Sugar," by Lucretia P. Hale; "A Race to Mid Air," [illegible] by Libbie Hawes; "Phaeton R[illegible]" [illegible] X; "The [illegible] L. Lathrop; "[illegible] "Mumbo Jumbo," "A Story for [illegible]," and plenty of good things in the various departments.

The April issue of the American Journal of M[illegible] [illegible] Thomas Wharton Jones, Professor of O[illegible] Medicine, London; "A[illegible] of Pelvic Anatomy [illegible] M. D., of New York [illegible] Influence of Vaccination [illegible] smallpox," by George M. Sternberg [illegible] Fibroid Tumors of the [illegible] G. H. Balleray, of Paterson, New Jersey; "Some Points in the Pathology of [illegible] of New York; "A Clinical Contribution to the Studies of the Fevers of the Mississippi Valley," by Dr. Richard B. Mawry [illegible] [illegible] Hemorrhage [illegible] Significance in Typhoid Fever," by M. S. Hartzell, of Philadelphia; "An Undescribed Source of Danger in Ovariotomy," by Dr. T. M. Drysdale, of Philadelphia; "A Case of [illegible] Paralysis of the Abductor Muscles [illegible] Horace Green [illegible] John M[illegible] [illegible] Consecutive Ligature of the Common Carotid and Subclavian Arteries for Supposed Aneurism of Innominate," by Dr. Lewis [illegible] son, of New York; "Sciatic Neuralgia Cured by Nerve Stretching," by Dr. Norman Mackintosh, of Colorado. Full reviews of recent medical publications are also given in this number.

The policy of the conductors of Scribner's Monthly in having a number of short novels to accompany their historical serial of "Peter the Great" has materially [illegible] of the magazine, and has resulted in a large sale of back numbers of volumes, and the printing of these bright novelettes has appealed to even a wider constituency, and has been an excellent balance to the [illegible] material of the history. Of these [illegible] [illegible] "A Fair Barbarian" [illegible] will contribute a novelette, to begin in [illegible] Scribner, with the taking title of "A Fearful Responsibility," has been received with not a little satisfaction by his large constituency of [illegible] first success augurs well for the new story. It is expected that these last two will begin in "Midsummer" Scribner.

NEW MUSIC.

The Musical World for April contains a variety of [illegible] "There's a [illegible] Little Land," ballad by E. Holst; "My [illegible] Queen"; "Carnival Waltz," C. Kinkel; "Speak to Me," Campana.

The Folio for April contains a portrait of Miss F. Roena Miller, soubrette [illegible] and the following music: "Y[illegible] to Goose," song and dance; [illegible] "Easter Hymn" [illegible] "The Music Box," by Emanuel Liebich.

Mayor Yeatty [illegible] was [illegible] Monday April 11 [illegible] Mayor of Washington, New Jersey by about 85 per cent. of the popular vote, this being his third term.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands [illegible] tarrh, Asthma, [illegible] also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, [illegible] to make it known to his suffering [illegible] desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using [illegible] by addressing with stamp, [illegible] W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

To Accommodate the Public.

The proprietors of that immensely popular remedy, Kidney-Wort, in recognition of the claims of the public which has so liberally patronized them, have prepared a liquid preparation of that remedy for the special accommodation of those who from any reason dislike to prepare it for themselves. It is very concentrated and, as the dose is small, it is more easily taken by many. It has the same effectual action in all diseases of the kidneys, liver or bowels.—Home and Farm.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. [illegible] supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The best thing in the world for Rough, Chapped, or Chafed Skin, is Pearl's White Glycerine. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

Don't use stimulants, but nature's real brain and nerve food—Hop Bitters. See notes.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

Why Suffer Needlessly

With the convulsing, spasmodic tortures of fever and ague and bilious remittent, when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, acknowledged to be a real curative of malarial fevers, will eradicate the cause of so much suffering. No less effective is this benignant alterative in cases of constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, and in general debility and nervous weakness. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE ONLY MEDICINE

IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS

AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

[illegible]

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*

[illegible]

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,

[illegible] BURLINGTON, VT.

Our Young Folks.

ISABEL'S REVENGE.

BY HATTIE A. FIELD.

"HAVE any of you girls done this?" Miss Adams said, bursting into the school-room at Madame Lindsey's Hollies, where a dozen girls were gathering round the fire chattering merrily. "But I need not ask; of course it was Isabel Wyld."

"Was it, Isabel?" Julia Gray whispered, going over to a girl who stood alone at the window reading eagerly, though the twilight had fallen. "Did you really do this, dear?" holding up a caricature in colored crayons of Miss Adams, the governess.

"Miss Adams says so, and I suppose she knows," Isabel replied, after a brief glance at the portrait—a truthful, though by no means flattering, one.

"It's disgraceful!" Miss Adams continued, addressing the girls, [illegible] "how that girl"—with an angry glance towards the window—"insults and annoys me. She never misses an opportunity of being rude and disrespectful"—she believed she was going to say, but that would not have been quite accurate, for Isabel never [illegible] however much she might consider some of Miss Adams's remarks. "I have long suspected that she was given to ridiculing me, and this confirms it."

The joke on Miss Adams was peculiarly ill-timed. The day before breaking up for the summer holidays the girls usually had a picnic to Groton Abbey, a glorious old ruin, ten miles away.

The day was always looked forward to with keen delight; and Madame always invited a few friends to meet them at the Abbey, and return to the Hollies for a late dinner, a repast to which the senior pupils were usually invited.

That anything should occur to grieve Madame, exclude any one from the excursion, or otherwise mar the day's pleasure was a real trouble to all the girls, and that Isabel Wyld would perhaps be kept at home was sufficient to damp the spirits of at least half a dozen of [illegible].

Perhaps no pupil ever received more systematic kindness from Mrs. Lindsey than Isabel.

Both her parents were abroad, and she spent her holidays with her nurse at a quiet old farm-house many miles away, though when Madame was at home she usually kept her for a week as her own guest, and once took her to the seaside.

"I am sorry that Madame should be worried," Isabel said that evening, as she stood up from the tea table, having received a message that she was wanted in the drawing room. "If she asks me any questions I shall tell her as much of the truth as I can."

"Tell her that you didn't do it; that will be enough," Julia Gray said. "Madame will not doubt you!"

"I hope you won't be punished, Bell," another said. "Come straight back and tell us all about it."

In a very few minutes Isabel rejoined them. She was very pale and her mouth was firmly set, and those who knew her best saw that she was in a passion, but she had early learned to master a hot temper, and her voice was steady as she said she was [illegible] in the drawing room in the evening. "I was to apologize to Miss Adams, say good night to you all, and go to my room—that's all!"

"But, didn't you deny it?" Julia Gray whispered. "Surely you were not too proud to defend yourself to Madame!"

"She did not accuse me, or ask a single question, she simply took my guilt for granted," Isabel replied. "Good night and good-bye, for perhaps I shall not see some of you again before you leave on Thursday. Madame said I was not to leave my room without her permission."

When Isabel had gone there was a general burst of indignation and a buzz of angry murmurs against Miss Adams, whilst a few even ventured to question Madame's justice, even if Isabel [illegible] the caricature.

The excursion took place, but without Isabel. The excursion, however, was marred by a sad accident.

Miss Adams fell down a flight of steps and injured herself severely.

This news was brought to Isabel the next day by Jane, the housemaid.

"And, miss," she continued, when the much had been told, "her eyes are bandaged up and she's moaning the whole time. She can't stand much, and what she's to do to-morrow, when Madame and all the young ladies are gone, and no one to wait on her but that crusty Susan, who can't bear waiting on any one, is more than I know, and she's to be here all the holidays, which is a thing which Susan cannot endure. I'm downright glad I'm going away, and shan't have to wait on her. Good-night, Miss Isabel; it's very late, and you look so ill!"

Isabel lay awake for hours, thinking of the events of the day, and it was late the next morning when Jane entered the room, looking very cross and sleepy.

"I've brought your breakfast, miss; it was no use waiting for you to come down. All the young ladies are gone."

"And Madame—is she gone?" Isabel [illegible].

"Yes, miss, hours ago; and I have to stay and take care of Miss Adams, and I think it too bad," Jane grumbled.

"I shall be here for a few days, and I'll help you all I can, Jane. Is she very ill to-day?"

"She is very cross anyway, Miss Isabel, and finding fault with everything I do for her. She didn't let me sleep a wink."

Just at first it seemed terrible being alone in the house—the stillness and silence were so oppressive—and after wandering from room to room and vainly trying to read and draw, Isabel determined to go and see Miss Adams and ask her how she felt.

She had already forgotten all about the caricature and the punishment she had undergone, and only thought of the poor governess's sufferings.

Her timid knock at the door was answered by a fretful "Come in," and she entered quietly.

Lying on a couch, her right arm in a sling, and her whole head swathed in bandages, was Miss Adams, utterly unable to move a limb.

"I thought that you were never coming, Jane," she said, crossly. "Here, shake up this pillow; my head is quite cramped, and I'm parched with thirst!"

"It is not Jane, Miss Adams, it's I. I hope you are better to-day," Isabel said, crossing over to the sofa. "Please let me arrange the cushions."

"Thanks; but if you will kindly ring for Jane, I needn't trouble you," was the ungracious reply. "I thought you had gone away."

"No, I am to remain here for a few days till my nurse comes for me. It must be very dull, Miss Adams, for you. May I read you something?"

"Thank you, Isabel; it's very kind of you. I am ill, and in great pain, and I [illegible] being here quite alone," Miss Adams replied in a low voice. "You see, I have no friends to go to, and none to come here to nurse me, and the doctor says it may be a month before I can get about," and the harsh, stern governess burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

For a moment Isabel felt inclined to run away; then she sat down by the couch and tried to comfort her enemy as best she knew how. When Miss Adams grew calmer she took up a book and read till Jane appeared with the dinner tray. The next day passed much the same way; Isabel spent nearly all her time with Miss Adams, either reading or chatting. When [illegible] her good-night, [illegible] deeply.

"I [illegible] that I should not feel my [illegible] and [illegible]. I have been very pleasant yesterday and to-day, but what shall I do when you are gone?"

The next day Nurse Morris arrived, and Isabel told her the whole story of the caricature and Miss Adams's accident, and how Madame had not only punished her, but had gone away without even saying good-bye.

"I didn't do it, nurse, and she might have known I wouldn't."

"Then who did it, dearie?" nurse asked gravely.

"I'm not sure. I lent my case of colored crayons to one of the pupils—such a clever little thing!—and she might have done it without meaning any harm. But she went home a week ago, and I—I didn't like to say anything about it in her absence. Besides, they never asked me, but took it for granted that I was the culprit."

"Never mind, dearie, it will all come right in the end," nurse said, with a smile. "Now get on your things, we have not much time to spare."

Isabel looked grave for a few moments.

"I should like to go home with you dearly, nurse, but I think I ought to stay if you will let me," she replied slowly.

"If you're willing to give up your holidays I have nothing to say, only if you get tired and homesick, let me know, dearie, and I'll send Ned for you," Nurse Morris replied gently.

"You're a dear old thing," Isabel replied, "not to be cross with me for staying here instead of going back with you. But then I think you never were cross with me, nurse."

"Maybe not, dearie; I'm very patient."

And the old woman turned aside that Isabel might not see how sadly disappointed she was, although she was filled with admiration for her child's unselfish kindness.

When Miss Adams learned that Isabel had given up her pleasant holiday (and she knew how joyfully she always went to the farm and enjoyed being there) and decided to remain at the Hollies to keep her company in her solitude she was dumb from sheer surprise and gratitude.

But as the days passed by Isabel had her reward.

At the end of three weeks Miss Adams was able to leave her room, and then they both went to the farm for the remainder of the holidays.

Every day they became closer friends. Miss Adams felt heartily ashamed of the part she had played about the caricature, though not a word was said concerning it, and Isabel found out a new side to the poor [illegible].

Under the influence of kindness and affection she could be kind and affectionate too, and it was only her friendlessness that made her morose and miserable.

Just at first Isabel felt a little nervous at going back to school and meeting Madame Lindsey, but when she felt her arms clasped and Madame kissing her warmly, all her doubts vanished, and she concluded the affair of the caricature was utterly forgotten.

But the very next day, before the whole school, Madame read a letter from Janie Seville, confessing it was she who drew the portrait, having borrowed Isabel Wyld's colored crayons—and apologizing most fully.

Every face grew brighter for having the mystery cleared up, especially as Madame gave a holiday in honor of the occasion to make up to Isabel for the one she had been so unjustly deprived of.

"Not that I think you bear any malice for that, dear," Mrs. Lindsey added, with a glance from Miss Adams to Isabel, "for I believe that you have had your revenge."

HIS GOOD ANGEL.

BY HENRY FRITH.

YEARS ago there lived in Cumberland a peasant and his wife, who were known throughout the region in which they lived as Humphery and his Missus.

Humphery was the son of a miner, and all his brothers were miners; but he had refused to follow his father's calling and, a legacy being left him by his grandmother, set up a little shop, and sold soap, candles, sugar, oatmeal, and potatoes to his neighbors.

It was not a very profitable business, for it was carried on on the credit system.

On the whole, Humphrey and his Missus were not very prosperous, and Humphery was neither provident nor sensible.

His wife had better ideas, but she was seldom allowed her own way, and the two quarreled a good deal, though on the whole they loved each other.

One thing which always aroused contention was this—Humphery believed in fairies, and nightly prayed to them to send him good fortune; while the wife, who was very pious, thought this a wicked action calculated to bring punishment upon him.

One morning Humphery was digging over a plot of ground which had been lying waste for many years.

His wife had scolded and coaxed him into doing it.

"It will be hard work at first," she said, "but once it is done, I can grow onions upon it, and onions, besides being good to eat, [illegible]."

So Humphery was digging.

As he [illegible] he grumbled and struck the spade angrily into the ground.

Suddenly it [illegible] against something.

Humphery looked down into the hole that he had made; he saw something that was not a stone.

It looked rather like an earthenware pot. He [illegible] buried to be hard in the earth, and [illegible] the [illegible] called his wife [illegible] and carefully [illegible] the wire from about the earthenware.

The cover was removed from the jar, and he saw that it was full of money—coins of all sorts—silver, gold and copper.

With trembling hands husband and wife emptied the treasure upon the table and counted it.

It amounted to two thousand dollars.

To these two peasants it seemed an enormous fortune.

"Did such luck ever come to poor folk before?" asked the Missus.

"No," replied Humphery; "and it comes of my praying to the fairies. The good people heard me, and no thanks to you, Missus, for you bid me stop many a time."

"Good people—fairies!" cried the woman. "No, no, some poor body of a miser has hid his brass here afore he died. I [illegible] it was fairy brass. No, it was God's will you should get it, and if you say less I'll take you at your word, and go from you, for I'd live with no one as would be so near the pit of Satan as one that lived on fairy brass would be."

Humphery was wise enough to hold his tongue, but he still believed that his gift came from the fairies.

Fearful of being robbed, the couple said nothing of their fortune to their neighbors, but [illegible] about it after the shop was shut and all their neighbors in bed, and at last Humphery decided to say that they had heard that a fortune was left them, and, shutting up their cottage, leave Cumberland, and go to live where they were quite unknown.

"We can be gentlefolk there," said Humphery. "Who's to know the difference when we've got brass?"

And the Missus began to cry.

"Hush!" whispered Humphery. "You'd rather I'd be a laboring man than gentlefolk with brass, I believe; but I'm master, and will go where I like."

And he struck his hand upon the table.

Jane said no more, and a few days after they told their story to their friends and went their way.

"No need for us to save," he said, as they rode on.

And on that journey Jane tasted dainties of which she had never heard before, and Humphery more than once tumbled into his bed at his inn in a state of intoxication.

"As drunk as a lord," he described it, for his beverages had been costly, and he had treated everybody near.

Jane was wretched.

She wept and prayed; she longed to be at home again, behind the counter.

"When we've got our brass to the bank," said Humphery, "we'll get ourselves fine clothes, and we'll live in a city house, with gold looking glass frames, and the chairs all sofy like they are up at the great house."

They came to a building where there were gilded letters over a certain door.

"It is the bank," she said.

She could read, though her husband could [illegible].

And he led the way in.

More questioning, more grinning, some [illegible] from persons connected with the place, and Humphery and his Missus were in the presence of a dignified old gentleman with a powdered head—powder was worn in those days—who listened to Humphery's statement that he had two thousand dollars to deposit as coolly as though it had been so many pennies.

However, he offered the depositors' seats, spoke very civilly to them, and prepared to receive the cash.

Slowly Humphery leant over his bag and unstrapped it.

Slowly he drew forth the bundle.

"Please take it and count it," he said. "It is tied in the bundle, and I've feared thieves since I stepped out of my house."

"Bank notes, I see," said the gentleman.

"No; gold and silver, and a handful of copper," said Humphery.

"Nonsense, man! See it fly up in my hand," said the banker.

Humphery stared at him.

The banker's fingers were unloosening the strings that were wound about the twisted ends of the bundle.

Now they fell apart, and out upon the table tumbled a quantity of dried, yellow leaves—such leaves as the wind blows along the forest paths in autumn.

"What do you mean by bringing this rubbish here?" he said. "Gather it up, man; let me see your money."

"I tied it up myself," repeated Humphery.

"Come away, man," whispered the Missus.

Then she curtsied to the banker.

"We'll go back and look for the brass," she said, and dragged her husband away.

"Fairy brass," she whispered in his ear. "The good people's gifts are never any good. The [illegible] changed to dead leaves. It was fairy brass. I thank God we're rid of it!"

Humphery [illegible] said not a word.

Together they [illegible] out of the city.

Living on dry oat cake, or stale bread and cheese, [illegible], save when some good-natured wagoner would give them a lift, Humphery and his wife took their homeward way, and the neighbors were surprised one morning by seeing the man at work in the [illegible] and his Missus behind the counter, ready to fill their orders.

Humphery prayed to the fairies no more.

He began to go to church with his wife; he became [illegible] after his own fashion, and everything prospered.

Soon Humphery was informed by his wife that they could afford to enlarge the house and buy two cows.

The house was improved, and furnished beyond anything known by the miners.

A little farm soon lay about it.

At last the shop was so well supplied that the people at the great house and all other well to do folk dealt there, and, in fact, Humphery and his Missus were well to do people. But riches will not make us immortal.

Humphery lived to be eighty years old; but his time came to die.

He was a rich man, with a will to make, and he was conscious that he had nothing to [illegible] for many years.

His wife sat at his side and wept.

"Don't cry, Missus," said the old man. "Don't fret, you'll come with me before many days, you're old, too. You was always wise, and it was a wise thing you did then, and I've been happier and better for it, and there's a fear taken from my mind, for I don't like to think of having fairy brass, even if it was taken from me. [illegible] woman, it was the saving of me. Bless you for it!"

These were the last words old Humphery said, but his Missus felt her grief less bitter, knowing that she had been his good angel, and that he had blessed her for it.

It is said that a [illegible] Boston photographer whose patrons are mostly from the class who struggle to be genteel owes a remarkably successful business to the fact that he keeps a sealskin sacque for the use of lady customers.

LOST TO ME.

BY MRS. DR. LOOCKERMAN.

Pictured face of life's bright morning,
Gleaming with the olden light;
Dreams of joy now sadly mocking,
Flit on memory's waves to-night.

By the sea whose sparkling wavelets
Glistened 'neath a sunlit dome;
Resting in the pleasant shadow
Of our rose-twined cottage home.

Two dear eyes of softest azure,
Blue and bright as summer sky:
Two white hands that matched the lilies,
Touching mine so tenderly.

We two culled the sweet May roses,
Crowned with fragrant pearly dew;
Fancied life an Eden bower,
Ever smiling—ever new.

Fate decreed an hour of parting,
Fortune smiled in other lands;
I returned to find my treasure
'Neath the sod with folded hands.

Lost to me! the sweet May roses
Shed their perfume on the air;
Where two lily hands we folded
O'er the still heart resting there.

Yet I feel in yon glad Eden,
Lives thy gentle spirit "sweet;"
Bathed in heaven's glorious splendor,
Resting at thy Savior's feet.

SUDDEN INGENUITY.

THERE are times and occasions in the lives of most individuals when a sudden call is made for the exercise of readiness or impromptu ingenuity, the importance of which may be very great, and which enables the possessor to make the best of such means and appliances as may be at hand, no matter how unpromising or apparently inapplicable.

A few years ago, an iron bridge of considerable length, the weight being about two hundred tons, was constructed in this country, and erected in a remote part of Germany. By some mishap, the bridge, when finished was found at some distance 'out' to one side, an error which the proprietors insisted should be rectified. To take down and re-erect the bridge would be simple ruin to the contractor. But Necessity is the mother of invention, and so it proved in this case. It was summer-time, and the contractor proceeded to find the amount of expansion which was caused by the heat of the sun over the whole length of the bridge. He next ascertained what contraction took place in the night by cooling. Armed with these data, he thought it might be possible to bring the bridge to its proper position in a few days. The bridge, of course, in its ordinary condition expanded from the centre, pushing its two ends outward, or farther apart, and again contracting towards the centre. Taking advantage of these conditions, one end was made fast in the morning and the bridge was forced to expand from that immovable point, instead of from the middle, as formerly. When the iron composing the bridge had expanded to its full extent in the direction intended, that end was released, and the opposite end made fast. The bridge then contracted towards its true position. Thus, whatever was gained by the day's expansion, was secured by the subsequent contraction when the metal cooled at night; and the process being renewed day by day, the work was successfully accomplished.

The walls of a large building in Paris were observed to be giving way by bulging outwards; and the problem was to bring them back to their vertical position. For this purpose a number of bars of iron having screws and nuts on each end were let through the opposite walls, and across the intervening space between them. The nuts and screwed portion of the bars were outside. The bars were now heated by a number of lamps suspended below them until they had expanded as much as possible, and the nuts screwed up against the outsides of the two opposite walls. The lamps were next removed; when the heated bars in cooling gradually contracted in their length, bringing the walls very gently, but with irresistible force, into their normal position.

An old story is told in connection with the expansion and contraction of materials, which may deserve a place here as an illustration in point. It has been stated that when the Egyptian obelisk was being erected in the square in front of St. Peter's at Rome in the year 1585, during the reign of Pope Sixtus V., it was first demonstrated that ropes under severe tension contracted by the application of moisture. The occasion was made one of high festival. The architect and workman, and the obelisk also, received in state the benediction of the Pope, and high-mass was celebrated in St. Peter's. But every attempt to move the pillar was unsuccessful. All the horses that could be found, with all the appliances for lifting heavy weights of that time, were put into requisition. And it was not until more than fifty unsuccessful efforts had been made, that the huge mass rose from the ground. Meanwhile, the great weight stretched the ropes so much, that when the pulley-blocks had reached their limit in lifting, the bottom of the obelisk had not reached the top of the seat prepared for it. At that moment a man in the crowd shouted: "Wet the ropes!" The experiment was tried; the ropes shrunk, and the obelisk gradually and slowly rose to the required height, and was successfully placed on its seat.

A striking instance of ingenuity in taking advantage of the resources of Nature in an emergency, is found in a famous traveler's account of his travels in Abyssinia. His stock of soap had become exhausted; and as he possessed abundance of various kinds of fat, including that of elephants, hippopotami, lions and rhinoceros, he determined to convert a quantity of this grease into soap. For this purpose, he required both potash and lime; and how were these to be obtained? A certain native tree, he found, was exceptionally rich in potash; he therefore burned a large quantity, and made a strong lye with the ashes which he concentrated by boiling. There was no limestone; but the river produced a plentiful supply of oyster shells, which, if burned, produce excellent lime. What was next wanted was a kiln in which to burn the shells, and this he constructed out of one of those great ant-hills, which rise to ten feet high, common to those valleys, and which possess a very hard external crust. Two natives hollowed out one of those hills; a proper draught-hole was made below from the outside; it was loaded with wood, and filled with some six bushels of oyster-shells, which were again covered with fuel; and after burning twenty-four hours, a supply of excellent lime was obtained. Then commenced his soap-boiling, which was effected in a large copper-pot of Egyptian manufacture. The ingredients of potash, lime and fat were then carefully mixed; and after boiling ten hours, and having been constantly stirred, he obtained excellent soap, of which he had in all forty pounds.

In trade, a similar readiness to seize upon all available circumstances that may tend to accomplish the object we have in view, is useful. We lately heard a story in point. A commercial gentleman in Jamaica wrote home to a merchant in Scotland, telling him what a fine market there was at the time in that island for British goods. The merchant in question was noted at once for his ignorance and for the success of his export ventures; and a wag among his acquaintances had offered a wager that on this occasion he would put him on a losing tack. He therefore advised the merchant as to the nature of his proposed consignment; and, of all things in the world for a hot place like Jamaica, what should that consignment consist of but *warming-pans!* When they arrived, the consignee was at first in a state of the utmost consternation, and did not know what to make of them. But presently his ingenuity came to his aid. He saw that the warming-pans, if useless as such, were not quite without possibilities of adaptation to other uses; accordingly he had the lids knocked off them, after which both pans and lids were offered to the sugar-manufacturers as skimmers to skim their sugar-vats. They were found to answer the purpose admirably; and there being a great crop of sugar that year, the whole consignment of metamorphosed warming-pans was disposed of with a handsome profit. It is scarcely necessary to add that the wag lost his bet.

Grains of Gold.

One's duty cannot be plain in two diverging paths.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

It is better to have wisdom without learning than learning without wisdom.

What is necessary to make an honest man, properly applied, would make a polite one.

Genial cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and pure, good heart.

Happiness only begins when wishes end; and he who hankers after more enjoys nothing.

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

The heart is a loom, and it may weave whatever it pleases. It may make life a continual progress towards triumph.

Can there be anything more in human nature than to think, to speak and to do whatever good lies in our power to all?

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

It is quite wonderful how many things there are in this world which you do not want if you can only make yourself think so.

Good nature adorns every perfection a man is master of, and throws a veil over every blemish which would otherwise prevail.

As few roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so few sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

When dunces call us fools without proving us to be so, our best retort is to prove them to be fools, without condescending to call them so.

There is no condition of life so bad but it has one good side. Every situation has its point of view; we should place it in that favorable light.

When you fall into a man's conversation the first thing you should consider is whether he has greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

It is a pretty serious thing to break an old friendship, for like old china, it can never be quite whole again. A broken friendship may be soldered, but it will always show the crack.

It is not of so much consequence to be thought an honest man as to be one. Such as do not mind the approbation of other people, but only aim at deserving it, take the surest way to obtain both.

The better a man becomes, the stronger does the hope of "the glory of going on" take hold of his nature. The instinctive expectation of life beyond the grave strengthens with the increase of virtue in the soul.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it—this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Among the best of men are diversities of opinions, which are no more, in true reason, to breed hatred, than one that loves black should be angry with him that is clothed in white; for thoughts are the very apparel of the mind.

True politeness—not the fashionable politeness of society—is to goodness what words are to thought. It tells not only on the manners, but on the mind and heart; it renders the feelings, the opinions, the words, moderate and gentle.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

He who thinks the worst of all things combined, walks abroad in the noonday sun and says: "How sad is the fact that beneath every flower there is a shadow!" But when the cheerful thinker goes forth, he says: "How grand is the thought that over the little shadows of earth there are such beautiful flowers!"

The Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts toward that eternal goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now, this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator, and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words.

Femininities.

Paniers and tunics are short.

India silks are now successfully dyed in England.

The heart-shaped bodice is generally filled in with lace.

Coffee and cream are the savory hues of certain laces.

The low and simple style still prevails in hair-dressing.

Painted panels are among the new conceits in parasols.

Paris dress patterns imported monthly are duplicated in Boston.

A lady's club in a Massachusetts town study political economy.

A girl worth $30 000 has a very good figure if she isn't handsome.

Among the patents lately taken out is one for a ladies' "hair-parter."

Female "drummers" in the gents' furnishing trade are a new idea.

The apparent height of a woman is decided by the length of her dress.

A man in a neighboring city calls his wife Fawn because she is a little dear.

Large puffs at the shoulders of dresses only suit sloping-shouldered ladies.

Fire burns only while we are near it, but a beautiful face burns and inflames thee at a distance.

In the seventeenth century the epithet "miss" applied to females, was considered a term of reproach.

There is a lady in this city of such a modest and retiring nature that she blushes when kissed by the breeze.

A ladies' luncheon has been defined as the present luxurious daughter of the old fashioned quilting-party.

There is in use in some of the London [illegible] an admirable swinging-seat for girls who attend behind counters.

The London *Post* has sent a woman to Africa as its war correspondent. We shall now learn what the women there wear.

When you have convinced a woman that a lounge worth about $7 has just been marked down from $16 to $12 you have secured a customer.

"Neuralgia" is the charming name borne by a charming girl. Her fond mother found it on a medicine bottle and was captivated with its sweetness.

A Malta paper states that of fifty five young ladies who had come out there from England in search of husbands, only one had succeeded in her object.

Some unhappy person has said Lot's wife would not have looked back, but a woman in a new dress passed her, and she wanted to see if the back breadth was ruffled.

There are one million more females in this country than men, and man is becoming quite a valuable animal; make the most of him, ladies; he cannot be with you always.

A lady being asked whether she could keep a secret, replied, "Of course not; what is the good of knowing a secret unless you may immediately tell it to somebody else?"

You shall know the matron from the maiden in London by her fan. Fans of short feathers are used by the former, and plush-fans, hand-painted in water-colors, by marriageable girls.

A Boston musician has just written, for a soprano voice, a beautiful song, entitled "Would that I were Young Again." So much time wasted. The woman can't be found who will sing it.

Ideal and real: Many a woman who would like to put down a new Brussels carpet in her parlor this spring will be obliged to be content with putting a new hoop on the second best wash-tub.

A fashion journal says that young married ladies are wearing Fanchon, or bebe caps of Parisian, with or without strings fastening under the chignon. Young husbands are still wearing last year's overcoats.

You may say what you please, but there is luck in horseshoes. A woman nailed up one against the wood a months ago and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man had not earned a penny in three years.

Consolation misapplied: "You must feel lonely since your husband went away," consolingly observed a neighbor to her lady friend. "Not at all," she observed; "it is the first holiday I have had since I was a school-girl."

A Maryland man whose wife dropped dead a few days ago, had the funeral put off one day longer to get the balance of his corn sowed. He said it wouldn't make any difference to her, as she was always pretty good-natured.

"You old vulture you!" she exclaimed when he hinted that five bonnets a year were enough for any ordinary woman. Next day when he relented and told her to order a sixth it would have made an angel smile to hear her sweetly call him "Birdie."

The Boston papers are telling about a girl of that city, who wore at a recent ball a satin dress that belonged to the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte. A girl here recently wore to a ball a dress that belonged to her sister. The sister stayed at home and kicked.

The decorative art mania: Miss Nonavfal:—"What a charming love of a cup marked 'Tom and Jerry!'" Gentlemanly vendor of majolica—"Yes, we sell a large number of them." Miss N.—"But haven't you some marked Clifford and Alvord, or Bertie and Georgie?"

A Pittsburg girl was devotedly attached to the little child of her brother-in-law, who was a widower, and in whose house she lived. She was about to be married, and she asked permission to take her niece to her new home. The father declined the proposition, whereupon the girl attempted suicide.

In England there is just now a curious rage for one style of dressing the hair. It is very simple and very ugly. Imagine a pretty blonde who has shorn the sides and top of her head until the golden locks are about three inches long, curled these into a bushy mass, parted it on one side, and coiled the remainder of her crowning glory into a tight little knot on the nape of her neck.

News Notes.

Pork is of all meats the most difficult to digest.

Chicago is to have a public cooking association.

Tannic acid, it is said, will stop bleeding at the nose.

Sweet oil and turpentine make a good furniture polish.

The lace of the moment is the Spanish, white or black.

Cast iron was not in commercial use before the year 1700.

An inch of rain weighs over one hundred and thirteen tons.

More Germans are coming over to this country than ever.

All new collars, whether of linen, batiste, mull, or lace, are large.

Nervous diseases, it is said, may be cured by the free use of butter.

The English newspapers are attempting to solve the 13—15—14 puzzle.

Two Minnesota professors kissed a pretty girl, and are no longer teachers.

The New York Cremation Society has 50 members, and is steadily growing.

The lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of an egg.

In Spain all the members of the family are present at the first meal of the day.

A dash of yellow, blue, or red is deemed essential to the finish of all dark toilets.

The interior of Windsor Castle will be shortly illuminated by the electric light.

In West Virginia they sell off the paupers every year at auction to the lowest bidders.

A boy whose left hand has the properties of a magnet is the latest curiosity out West.

The Harvard students are preparing to give dramatic performances in Greek tragedy.

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound under any circumstances whatever.

South Sea Islanders throw their children into the water and compel them to learn to swim.

A Missouri man won a breach of promise suit because a contract made on Sunday is not legal.

A lamp if burned with only a little oil in it generates a gas which is likely at any time to explode.

In some parts of Virginia a meeting of citizens is still called by the old Saxon word, a "folkmote."

A case concerning some real estate in Illinois was decided in court last week after 76 years' litigation.

The royalty on the King of Portugal's translation of Shakspeare has yielded him five thousand dollars.

Carpets, after shaking, are brightened in color by sprinkling salt over the surface and sweeping carefully.

A young man in Wisconsin, 26 years old, all for love, just married the divorced second wife of his grandfather.

The President of the Fishcultural Association is authority for the statement that all fish go down stream tails first.

John Bright is reported to have said that Americans alone among mankind, are in the habit of signing their names legibly.

The Chicago Board of Education is discussing the question of introducing instruction in sewing into the public schools.

Many English and American residents of Berlin propose to make excursions on bicycles into the surrounding country this summer.

Court the sun winter and summer in your rooms and outdoors, for sunshine to the young is vigor, while to the old it is life itself.

England's importation of meats, cereals, butter, cheese, eggs, and other food-supplies in 1880 reached the enormous aggregates of $900,000,000.

When Lady Raglan was buried, recently, the wreath of immortelles placed on her husband's coffin twenty-six years ago, was found to be perfect.

The widow of a wealthy California judge has built a large greenhouse for the benefit of the poor, who are allowed to help themselves to the flowers.

A servant girl in New York recently had one of her fingers slightly bruised by the brass weight of an old-fashioned clock falling upon it, and died six days later from blood poisoning.

The earliest recorded examples of suicide are those of Samson, 1117 B. C., and of Saul, 1056 B. C. In 1879 two boys committed suicide who were ten years old, and nine boys and three girls under fifteen.

Patients at the Paris hospitals will henceforth drink their broths and tisanes in Sevres china. The director of the celebrated porcelain works has sent to the different hospitals 1,400 pieces of spotted china for the use of the sick.

Two men in a Virginia county engaged in a quarrel as to whether there were thirty or forty days in a month and the thirty-day man had to beat the other within an inch of his life before he could convince him that he was mistaken.

A Chicago jewelry firm has put up a sign 129 feet long and 5½ feet wide, which consumed 40 000 feet of lumber, $400 worth of gold and $250 worth of metal ornaments, and was three months in the process of construction, costing $2,500.

The passengers on a snow-bound train in Iowa saw wolves prowling about the cars at night. In the morning several men with revolvers set out to hunt the beasts. They soon returned, triumphantly bearing a scalp, but it turned out to belong to the station-keeper's good-natured dog, which they had slain by mistake for a fierce wolf.

IF TROUBLED WITH BRONCHITIS OR ANY THROAT-AIL, try at once Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old established medicine for all Coughs, Colds and Lung Affections.

INDEED, I'M NOT A FLIRT.

Alas! to think I'm called a flirt, because I'm
young and gay.
And like good-looking gentlemen, and smile
at all they say;
Alas! to think I'm called a flirt, because I
like some fun,
And joke and play with nice young men—but
there, I can't look glum.

I'm just eighteen, about the age when youthful
spirits flow,
And what's the use of stopping them until
you have a beau?
I'm fair, and friends are all agreed I'm rather
pretty, too;
I've light blonde hair, a bright blue eye, whose
glance is always true.

Now, who, I ask, with all these charms, could
always look demure?
I can't, and if I try, I look just like a perfect
cure!
Of course I know as well as you that fun may
go too far,
But if the question's popp'd, why then, 'tis
"Go and ask papa."

Now, what I mean to say is this—that girls of
sweet eighteen
May joke with all their friends without a
thought of priest or dean;
But mind, don't let all this occur if you're engaged—you know
You can't be too particular if you have got a
beau.

But if you've not, why then I say by all means
laugh and joke
With nice young fellows, but be sure don't go
beyond a joke;
Don't whisper soft things in their ears, and
make them think you love,
But have a little harmless fun—ah, that is
what I love.
—MAMIE.

The World of Humor.

First 'bus in America—Columbus.

A well known general—General debility.

A stroke of lightning generally spares the rod and spoils the house.

The man who was lost in slumber found his way out on a night-mare.

We wouldn't care to be the prettiest girl alive—we'd rather be next to her.

Mr. Jones says the sunshine of a smiling face will gild everything—but cold mutton.

"Pitch-darkness" has been so improved in latter times as to read "bituminous obscurity."

"Can love die?" inquires a poetess in a recent poem. It cannot, though it gets dreadfully adjourned sometimes.

A very pious old gentleman told his sons not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on Sunday; but, if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

A young hopeful, noticing a great number of shooting stars the other evening, informed his mother that "God was practising with his breech-loader."

A man in Albany having announced that he "had a historical pitcher," fourteen base-ball clubs have written him asking what the pitcher's terms were for the coming season.

An Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he would perform some heroic action. After due reflection he eloped with the girl's mother as the most heroic thing he could do.

Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person who, being reproached with not having avenged himself for a caning, said "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." We don't believe that—not a bit of it. If nobody sees it, what can it possibly have to blush for? Why should it blush when there's nobody looking?

A Chicago man committed suicide the other day because he found his business increasing so rapidly that he feared he wouldn't be able to manage it. His business was dodging officers of the law.

A man in Boston calls himself, on his card, "temperance bootmaker." The need of temperance boots is apparent, for though they're not generally drunk, it's a notorious fact that they're often very tight.

A penniless aristocrat, having married the daughter of a rich sausage-maker, a wag remarked, "This marriage is like a black pudding; the bridegroom furnishes the blood, and the bride the suet and oatmeal."

A woman returning from market got into a street-car the other day with a basket full of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said: "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "Fowl!" And everybody cackled.

WILBOR'S COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME.—The friends of persons who have been restored from confirmed Consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful parties themselves, have, by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England. The Cod-Liver Oil is in this combination robbed of its unpleasant taste and rendered doubly effective in being coupled with the Lime, which is in itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the assistance required to heal and restore the diseased Lungs. A. B. WILBOR, Boston, proprietor. Sold by all druggists.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH
OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING
THE FLUIDS.

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LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

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DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM,
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SORE THROAT,
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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

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A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

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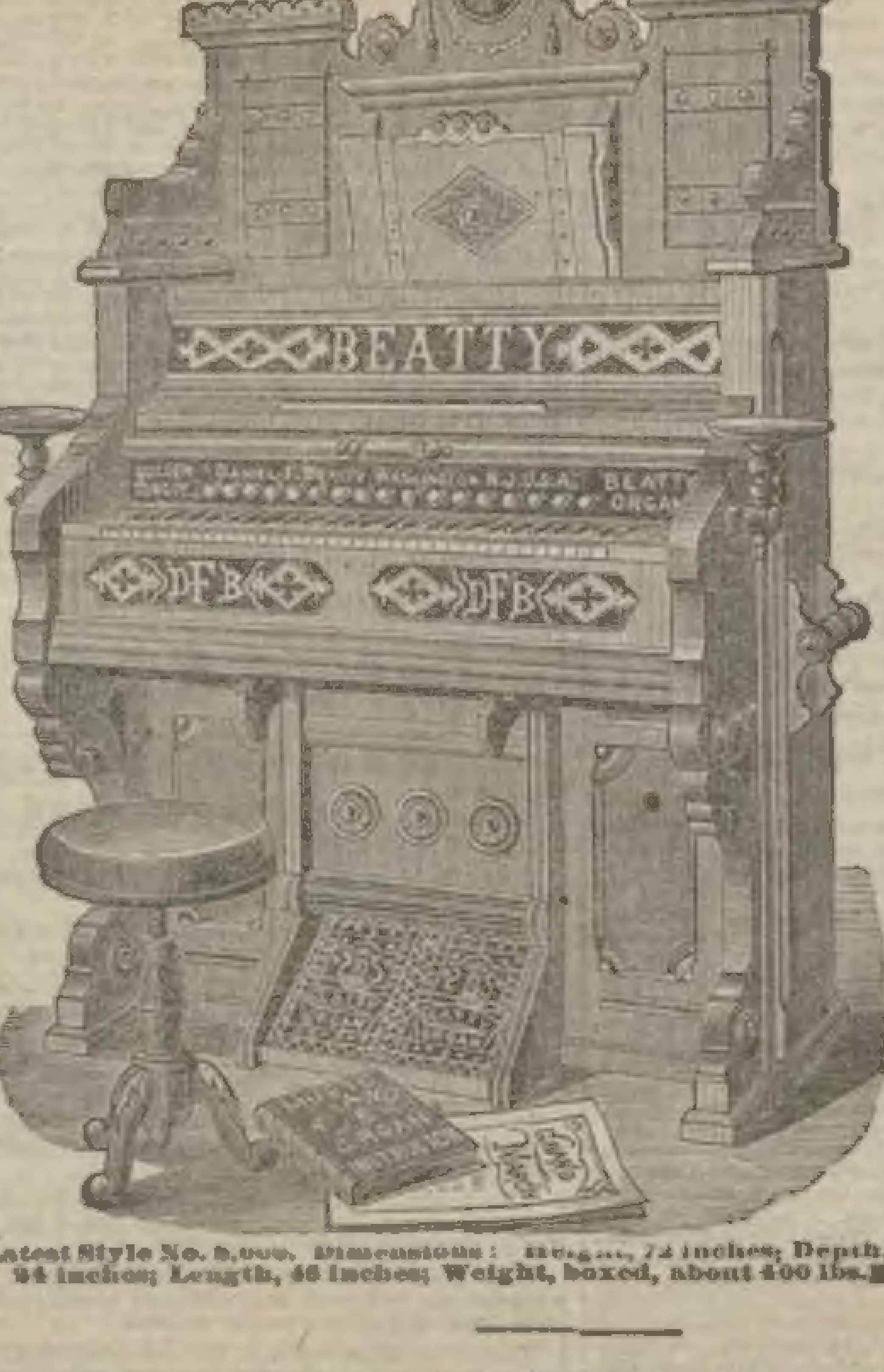

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(5) Diapason.
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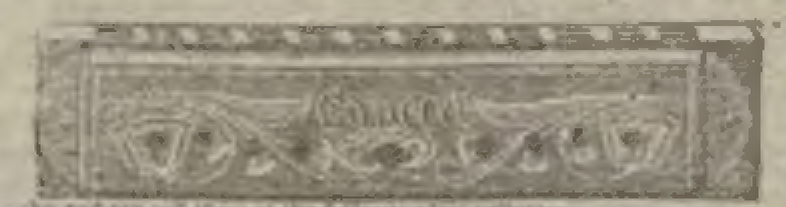

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Facetiæ.

Baking pears—Couples dancing on a hot night.

When you see an article in the newspaper headed, "The Political Outlook," just scan the bottom line and see if it's "sold by all druggists."

A music house has issued a piece for the piano, entitled, "Sounds of Spring." That part which represents the prominent citizens out with picks trying to clean the streets must be very touching.

A certain little damsel, being aggravated past endurance by her big brother, fell down upon her knees and cried, "O Lord! bless my brother Tom. He lies, he steals, he swears. All boys do; us girls don't. Amen."

A young man, who is often out of luck, re-christened the days of the week. This is his new nomenclature: Sunday he calls Cramday; Monday, Coldmeatday; Tuesday, Noday or Blankday; Wednesday, Borrowday; Thursday, Pawnday; Friday Spongeday; Saturday, Tinday or Moneyday.

A West End father urged his boy either to be a clown in a circus, a canal-boat captain, a fireman, a railroad engineer, a pirate, or an Indian-fighter, and the boy at once decided to study for the ministry, which was what the old man (who understood the perversity of boy nature) wanted.

It is better to brew beer than mischief—to be smitten with a young lady than with rheumatism—to fall into a fortune than into the ocean—to cut a tooth than a friend—to stand a dinner than an insult—to have the drawing of an artist instead of a blister, and to nurse the baby at any time in preference to your anger.

Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health perfect wrecks from intemperance. Read adv't.

Little Johnny was visiting at a neighbor's house. He was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but not with any degree of enthusiasm. "What do you say, Johnny, expecting him to say, "Thank you." "I say it ain't cake," was the impolite response.

There was a large boiling of scalding water over the fire in the yard and several black urchins playing near it. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard from inside the shanty. "You, Gawge Washington, keep away from dat ar b'iler! Directly you is gwine ter upset de b'iler all over yerself, and yer will be de fust one to say, 'It wan't me, mammy!'"

Its Action is Sure and Safe.

The celebrated remedy Kidney-Wort can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated and will act with equal efficiency in either case. Be sure and read the new advertisement for particulars.—South and West.

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If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on **Hop Bitters.**

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take **Hop Bitters.**

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use **Hop Bitters**

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

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NEVER
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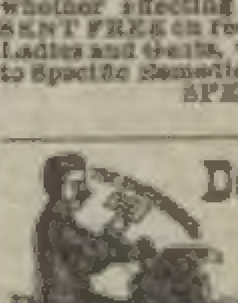

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2 Such an Education has my Mary Ann
3 Auld Lang Syne
4 Ella Ree
5 The Old Cabin Home
6 The Little Ones at Home
7 | Old Black Joe
8 | Home, Sweet Home
9 Larboard Watch—Duet
0 Many Can Help One
11 Killarney
12 See that My Grave's Kept Green
13 Grandfather,s Clock
14 | Lullaby—J. K. Emmett's
15 | The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
16 America
17 Sweet Forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the Light Went Out
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write Me a Letter from Home
21 Beautiful Isle of the Sea
22 Old Folks at Home—Susanee Ribber
23 Come Back to Erin
24 Sweet By and By
25 My Pretty Rose Bud
26 Whoa, Emma
27 Kate's Secret
28 | You'll Remember Me
29 | Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep
30 | Kathleen Mavourneen
31 | I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls
32 Wearing of the Green
33 When You and I were Young.
34 Cottage by the Sea
35 We Parted by the River Side
36 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
37 Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer
38 Last Rose of Summer
39 Shamus O'Brien
40 Exile of Erin
41 Maggie's Secret
42 Burlesque Stump Speech
43 I Cannot Call Her Mother
44 I Would I Were With Thee
45 Poor Old Slave
46 Casey Social Club
47 Cumberland's Crew
48 Take this Letter to My Mother
49 A Model Love Letter—Comic
50 Female Stratagem—Comic
51 How to Kiss a Lady
52 Dublin Bay
53 Wife's Commandments—Comic
54 Husband's Commandments—Com.
55 Rules for Bummers
56 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane
57 Barbara Frietchie—Recitation
58 Marching Through Georgia
59 H. M. S. Pinafore—Ruler of the Queen's Navy
60 Window in the Cottage by the Sea
61 Dancing in de Barn
62 Fire in the Grate
63 Wandering Refugee
64 | Blue-eyed Nellie
65 | The Minstrel Boy
66 The Letter in the Candle
67 Star Spangled Banner
68 Dancing on the Green
69 | The Heart Bowed Down
70 | Take Back the Heart
71 The Water Mill—Recitation
72 The Faded Coat of Blue
73 Hold the Fort
74 Slavery Days
75 Der Mule Shtood on the Steamboad Deck—Recitation
76 Little Barefoot
77 My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night
78 Home Again
79 Thou Art so Near and yet so Far
80 The Sword of Bunker Hill
81 Office Rules—Comic
82 The Gray Hairs of My Mother
83 The Good Rhein Wine
84 I'll be all Smiles To-night, Love
85 You've Been a Friend to me
86 Listen to the Mocking Bird
87 When the Corn is Waving, Annie
88 She Never Blamed Him, Never
89 Silver Threads Among the Gold
90 Little Robin, Tell Kitty I'm Coming
91 Ring the Bell Softly
92 Boy Lost—Comic
93 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
94 Sunday Night, When the Parlor's Full
95 The Gipsy's Warning
96 The Anchor's Weighed
97 The Moon Behind The Hill
98 Swinging in the Lane
99 Sheridans Ride—Recitation
100 We Met 'twas in a Crowd
101 Eileen Allanna
102 | 'Tis but a Little Faded Flower
103 | Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me
105 | Little Buttercup
106 | His Sisters, and His Cousins, and His Aunts
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
108 Roses Underneath the Snow
109 Kitty Wells
110 | Billy's Appeal to His Ma
111 | When the Swallows Homeward Fly
112 The Old Man's Drunk Again
113 The Two Orphans; or the Brooklyn Fire
114 Amber Tresses Tied in Blue
115 pretty as a Picture
116 | I Am Waiting, Essie, Dear
117 | Three Perished in the Snow
118 Slight Hints—Comic
119 Take Me Back to Home and
120 Come, Sit by My Side, Little Darling
121 Kiss Me, Mother' Kiss your Darling
122 Bingen on the Rhine
123 | A Flower from Mother,s Grave
124 | The Old Log Cabin on the Hill
125 The Croppy Boy
126 The Skids are Out To-Day.
127 The Bridge.
128 Shabby Genteel.
129 Oh! dat Watermelon
130 | Coming Thro' the Rye
131 | Must We, Then, Meet as Strangers
132 The Babies on Our Block
133 Brennen on the Moor
134 The Skidmore Fancy Ball
135 The Hallway Door
136 Where the Grass Grows Green
137 Darling Bessie of the Lea
138 The Kiss Behind the Door
139 I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers
140 Mary of the Wild Moor
141 Old Wooden Rocker
142 Speak, Only Speak
143 | Dancing Around with Charlie
144 | Where Art Thou Now, My Beloved
145 Mollie Darling
146 You may Look, but You mus'n't Touch
147 | My Daughter Julia
148 | The Battle for a Stove
149 Balm of Gilead
150 There's Always a Seat in the Parlor for You
151 Driven from Home
152 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping
153 | Pull for the Shore
154 | Nearer, My God, to Thee
155 Good News from Home
156 Fisherman's Daughter
157 Shells of Ocean
158 Massa's in de Cold Ground
159 Say a Kind Word When You Can
160 Cure for Scandal—Comic
161 | Twilight Coterie
162 | Strangers Yet
163 Castles in the Air
164 Dear Little Shamrock
165 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs
166 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee
168 | The Rose of Tralee
169 | Jennie, the Flower of Kildare
170 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died
171 The Drunkard's Lone Child
172 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground
173 | Glove Flirtation—Comic
174 | Flirtation of the Whip—Comic
175 The Slave's Dream
176 Don't You Go, Tommy
177 | Sweet Evangeline
178 | The Good-Bye at the Door
179 'Tis Hard to Give the Hand where the Heart can Never be
180 Willie, We have Missed You
181 Erin's Lovely Home
182 Over the Hills to the Poor House
183 Twenty Years Ago
184 Paddy's Land
185 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling
186 The Old Village School on the Green
187 Woodman, Spare That Tree
188 Barbara Frietchie — Recitation, original
189 Darling Minnie Lee
190 | Hat Flirtation—Comic
191 | Flirtation of the Fan—Comic
192 Free as a Bird to Your Mountain
193 Enoch Arden
194 Why did She Leave Him?
195 A Quiet Little Home
196 Thou Hast Learned to Love Another
197 | Mary of Argyle
198 | Nil Desperandum
199 Sweet Highland Mary
200 Evening Amusement—Comic
201 The Village-Born Beauty
202 Remember, You Have Children of Your Own
203 There's None Like a Mother, if Ever so Poor
204 You were False, but I'll Forgive You
205 Sweet Maggie Gordon
206 The Tan Yard Side
207 The Bells of Shandon
208 Old Log Cabin in the Dell
209 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying
210 Erin's Green Shore
211 Will You Love Me when I'm Old
212 Donnelly and Cooper
213 Gathering Shells by the Sea Shore
214 Little Rosebud
215 By the Sad Sea Waves
216 Come into the Garden, Maud
217 The Harp; or, Ireland's Resurrection
218 Where there's a Will there's a Way
219 God Bless My Boy at Sea
220 Annie Laurie
221 The Mac's and the O's
222 Sherman's March to the Sea
223 Lamentation of James Rodgers
224 Come, Birdie, Come
225 Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep
226 Ever of Thee
227 Norah McShane
228 Love among the Roses
229 Shamus O'Brien—Recitation
230 Der Deitcher Gal
231 No Irish Need Apply.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

FRENCH SATEENS are especially notable now, some of the designs resembling hand-painting. They are shown in grounds of delicate rose-color, coral and salmon-pink, pale tea-color, pale fawn and drab, delicate gray, Chinese-blue and Chinese-green, and cream and snow-whites. A variety has a border forming a graceful garland of tiny roses, with foliage or wild flowers representing in a bewildering mass Nature's loveliest creations. Others are striped in pale shades of blue-pink, cream, or two shades of a color. These are made with tight-fitting polonaise buttoned behind and trimmed with coarse lace, which simulates a basque in front. The lower skirt has a very wide bias flounce edged with lace, and shirred twice at the top to form puffs. The standing collar is shirred, and also the cuffs. A red bow is at the throat, and two ribbons at the waist-line under the lace are tied in a bow. The back is fastened by pearl buttons. The polonaise is caught very high on one side with a bunch of red ribbons. Pink and blue together, or else stone-blue with white, are most liked for ginghams, and the large plaids are used in combination with stripes of the same colors. The stripes are pleated to trim the lower skirt, and are passed around the top sometimes for bayadere aprons; or, a polonaise with full paniers is a popular design.

Plain sateens in dark colors are used for an elaborately-trimmed skirt, and the corsage is made of one of the quaintly-designed brocaded sateens, a portion of which is mingled in the drapery, a style which resembles that of the silk and satin brocaded jackets so popularly worn with skirts of plain materials.

Charming, indeed, are the embroidered muslins or nun's veiling, and the fine India mulls covered with tiny sprigs or small figures embroidered on the material. A variety of these also have the border for trimming with the embroidery massed together in some graceful design, wide stripe for flowers, and narrower for the corsage-trimming.

Lace promises to be one of the most popular dress trimmings, and is used with such a lavish hand that would very soon lead one to the heighths of extravagance.

The Irish cut point lace is seen on some of the new costumes, in many instances its design outlined with gold or steel thread.

Breton lace has been revived, and this, with the admirable woven imitations of the points d'Alençon and Flanders, or Valenciennes, is made extensive use of closely pleated, or laid in gathered fulness on flounces and drapery.

Spanish lace embroidered with jet or steel is used with the same unlimited profusion on the black dresses.

Plain twilled sewing-silk grenadines so popular some years ago have again been brought to life by Fashion's revolving wheel. It is combined with the figured grenadines which this season are striped rather than brocaded, and that the stripes are alternately of satin and of open-work like lace. In some cases this striped stuff is confined to the basque alone, while the skirts are of plain grenadine, or else the smooth sewing-silk grenadines, with some of the striped goods used for retroussees and borders.

In another style, in which two materials are combined, the striped grenadine is used for the lower skirt (especially when there are bias puffs at the foot, and much shirring and puffing up the front,) while brocaded grenadine in large figures is used for the basque and upper draperies.

Spanish lace or Breton, the jetted laces or jet trimmings in detached leaves, in hanging drops, and in embroideries on net, form tabliers for the fronts of these black-dress skirts, and are often mixed with steel.

There are also thin basket-woven silk grenadines woven with jet designs, and this is cut up for plastron squares, vests, sleeves, tabliers of dresses, and for shoulder-capes on the large black mantles.

Black cashmere dresses are always popular, and a word on the subject will not be out of place, even in discussing spring costumes.

A very pretty model which will also be a guide towards making an old one look new, is made with two deep straight flounces of cashmere shirred in several rows at the top, folded in pleats below, and bordered with a bias band of satin surah two inches wide. The round basque has the middle forms of the back folded in two box pleats that show triple pleats of Surah where they fall open below the waist-line. The front has a vest of the satin laid in fine pleats to a point below the waist, and the cashmere of the basque that is drawn from under this vest is shirred along the entire edges of the vest from the neck to the point. Black satin ribbon, tied in a bow below the point is inserted in the second dart. The apron, attached to the belt permanently, is very much wrinkled, and reaches to the top of the upper flounce, where its edges are turned under out of sight. The back fulness forms two soft, yet bouffant, puffs separated by rows of shirring, and on the upper puff fall two folded bands of the Surah, meeting in V shape where they are completed by a long-looped Surah bow.

A stylish costume of black satin de Lyon has the skirt trimmed with two deep pleatings, and the front of the pleating composed of two panels opening over a pleating and draped under cords and tassels; the back is puffed. Satin bodice, the front is straight, and the back cut very short, forming a little coat-tail, completed by a pleated basque which is added at the sides of the back. Double satin collar, and tight-fitting sleeves with pleated flounces and a bow of satin ribbon.

Among the many pretty scarfs which have appeared this season are some of wide mull, with pink and blue hems an inch and a half wide.

Ladies who wear caps have a charming variety to select from. Here is one among the newest, which I will describe. If you have an old turban frame, (I mention this, the better to describe my cap)—just cut away the top crown-piece. Then cover the empty crown with a silk handkerchief, of any color you like. You may employ a check handkerchief or a square of satin. You make a puff crown of this, fastening the points of the handkerchief all together at the back, over the brim. And this fastening of the ends you will conceal, firstly, by two very long loops and two still longer ends of white lace, and over these an almost equally long bow and ends of satin ribbon to match the predominant color of the crown handkerchief. The brim you cover with satin the same color as the bows, and over that you place a row of white lace the same color as the brim. On each side of the brim, underneath the lining, you place a tiny loop of elastic, by which, by means of plain or jeweled pins, you fasten the hat to the hair. This cap is placed well on the head, just above the forehead, and just far enough back to show a little of the hair. This cap may also be made of white crepe-de chine, and also of black velvet. When made of black velvet the brim may be covered with bugles instead of lace; even the crown may be of bugles, instead of velvet. In fact, any kind of change may be made in this pretty cap, as if it were really a hat. It is called the Alsatian cap, being of the shape of the cap worn by Alsatian girls when they are married.

A change has crept over our jewelry during the last two years. Artistic handiwork abounds, and gems are not as popular as the chased metal trinkets, worth comparatively little. Whitened silver is affected by the fashionable world, and even those who at first objected to it are now reconciled by the beauty with which its dull surface shows up minute traceries.

Entire sets, comprising brooch, earrings, locket, and bracelet, display variations of the same design, the two latter, from their size, being the most elaborate.

Chased flowers, interspersed with gilded birds and insects, are popular; also fine outlines of Chinese figures, while other knick-knacks show perfect little pictures.

On a rectangular locket, for instance, is seen a fiery bird flying towards a gilded mountain, crowned by a lonely palm tree in blackened silver.

Again, on a bracelet, a stately golden swan sails down a stream bordered with water plants in green and bronze. Even fish are etched here and there in the water, and from the corner shoot out the rays of a bright sun. Morning and night are depicted in countless ways, and indeed form the principal theme of the double brooches. These represent either a pair of hand-screens, two overlapping diamonds or circles, the one plain and the other scalloped at the edge. Hereon, the sun rising from behind a hill or trees, offers a contrast to the companion picture, where a raven, a crow, a bat, or an owl appears in the pale moonlight, with the surroundings of a deserted field or sea. This is but one example out of a great number.

Another freak in jewelry is to turn down one corner of the metal to disclose some favorite motto, in Latin or English; this angle stands out very vividly, the inscription being overlaid with a gold diaper or chessboard pattern. Similar cross-bars often separate the scattered ornament of a locket, and strips or bands brilliantly mark off the octagonal compartments of jointed necklets. The latter, as a rule, offer a contrast to the smooth, solid pendants swinging from them, and consists of intricate coils and links; among the lighter kinds are the pretty ivy-leaf necklace and the small chains fringed with acorns, mussel-shells, etc.

Besides these silver drops, there are the little curiosities sold under the name "charms" to be attached to bracelet, necklet, or watch-chain. They represent the animal and insect mania, for we find among them the horse, dog, cow, donkey, bear, elephant, stag, leopard, lion, sheep, pig, and mouse, as well as the beetle, cricket, butterfly, spider, and lately even the lobster and the shrimp. Apropos, the last charm for gentlemen is a miniature silver bottle.

Enamel figures are largely represented in modern trinkets; sprays of flowers in nature's hues, Japanese ladies, and heraldic designs are all reproduced with striking effect both on dead gold and silver grounds.

Fireside Chat.

CHAIR-BACKS.

THERE are few things that have received so much attention from needlewomen as the tidy, or chair-back, as it is now called. Mature consideration has led to the choice of this as the least objectionable name for a thing which is too often objectionable in itself. Queen Anne never thought of such an addition to the furniture which, if we may apply the term without irreverence, is characterized by its "sweet reasonableness." Chairs and cushions of her time did not need tidies, and if we discard the cushioned and shapeless inventions of the immediate past, we shall not need them either. In their first invention as movable and washable chair-covers, usually made of thick muslin, they were not so bad. It was the unbridled desire to make them ornamental in themselves that led to fearful deeds in crochet and strange performances in knitted wool.

When art brought crewels into fashion, and crewels made swifter progress than art, many rooms were filled with pieces of linen, hung over the furniture in such quantity as to recall a washing day, each decorated with a spray of brightly-colored flowers. A revolt from these has brought in tidies of bourette, silk and every material on which fancy work can be used, which are much less obtrusive, and can be made harmonious in color and tone though there is a danger of their being less fresh looking and clean than such things should be.

If we must have tidies, let them be put only where they are really wanted—that is, on a few much-used and high-backed chairs, and perhaps occasionally upon an ottoman or couch.

Ecru silk, slightly embroidered in white or red silk, makes pretty washing tidies; and so does brown linen worked with marking cotton, or ornamented with drawn work.

Blue linen is a very good material, as it washes well, and the color is improved by it. Quite an elaborate ornament in white linen thread may be well bestowed on this very durable material.

Tidies look well on blue linen with a stripe of white linen sewn across the end, on which a pattern is worked in blue, or in one or two shades of pink and red like a Roman woman's apron.

Among the latest models for tidies are embroidered towels and napkins, which were ornamented with much excellent art in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—that is, during all the time that furnishes us with the best specimens of ancient decorative needlework.

Towels ornamented according to the best fashion of the time, formed part of the plenishing of every bride, and these, being carefully kept, have often come down to us in good condition.

Italian and Spanish work on linen in red silk, with characteristic patterns suited to the work, is well known.

Another good style of pattern, for tidies is to be found in the Cretan work of which so much was brought to foreign notice three [illegible] four years ago.

Among more elaborate things were many petticoats of linen, bordered with conventional pot-and-flower patterns in red or blue silk, and with little line patterns below, and sometimes also above them. These are probably traditional patterns of great antiquity. Some may be seen in South Kensington Museum, London, with other work acquired in Crete which has great historical interest, some being Italian and some Eastern in character.

If the tidy be embroidered on linen the work should be at the end only, unless a few lines of the color, or a sort of faint echo of the ornament be placed at the other. The sides must be hemmed either plainly or with open hemming; or a line of slight stitching of the color used for the pattern may be taken along the hem, and the ends must be fringed and knotted. The drawn work mentioned for the tea-table cloths makes very good tidies, washing and wearing well.

A recent style of chair-backs was of black satin (cotton-backed), with a design of long ears of corn in gold-colored filoselle, and cornflowers in shades of blue. The design need not be arranged in the centre, but rather to the left side. The long-stalked grain stretches over the satin in graceful abandon, and the cornflowers are shorter and closer together. The design is quickly worked, and the effect will be good. Arrasene work may be substituted for silk if preferred. A chain-stitch of the the gold silk finishes off the edge of the satin. Another suggestion is a chair back of oatmeal cloth, the entire surface darned with gold silk, and a large spray of good-sized forget-me-nots springing from a bow of deep red crimson, and stretching over the darning. The darning is done first, the flowers worked afterwards. A fringe of gold silk is an improvement.

CUSHIONS.—Cushions, being less closely connected with the permanent decoration of the room than anything previously mentioned, allow great liberty of treatment and choice of style. Indeed, provided they are beautiful in themselves, their style is not of much moment; and a piece of rare Eastern needlework is peculiarly appropriate for a cushion, and not out of place with any style of decoration.

A little more time is required to heal with forgetfulness the wounds inflicted on our minds by the sofa cushions of the late dark ages. Who would rest a tired head on a solid lump, bead-without, and presumably, a stone within? Who would willingly lay a burning cheek upon the exasperating worsted of an effective 'railway station' pattern representing cubes with the angles outwards?

A cushion should both look and be soft, and it is better for it to be large enough to rest shoulders as well as head, and it should only be put where it is likely to be used and it is possible to use it. The material should be soft or fine, and the pattern must not do away with the feeling of rest. A diaper of small leaves and flowers, or little trailing patterns of flowers, or a powdering of small sprigs will be pretty for the cushions. If a large flower be used, it must be restfully treated, and then it will look very well; for instance, a large poppy sketched in bright red silk on a dark velvet ground.

ILLUSIVE VISIONS.—Modern science has made us aware that the old belief in apparitions rested on nothing more than illusive fancies caused by some kind of physical derangement of the person so affected. This may happen with one or many, so that all are deceived. Before entering on their scientific explanation, it will be advisable to give an example of the queer phenomena in question. On the occasion of the fire which destroyed part of the London Crystal Palace in the winter of 1866-67, part of the menagerie had been destroyed by the flames. The chimpanzee, however, was believed to have escaped from his cage, and was presently seen on the roof endeavoring to save himself by clutching in wild despair one of the iron beams which the fire had spared. The struggles of the animal were watched with an intense curiosity mingled with horror and sympathy for the supposed fate which awaited the unfortunate monkey. What was the surprise of the spectators of an imminent tragedy to find that the object which in the guise of a terrified ape, had excited their fears, resolved itself into a piece of canvas blind, so tattered that to the eye of the imagination, and when moved by the wind, it presented the exact counterpart of a struggling animal. The explanation is, that the eye, alighting on an object transfers an impression of that object to the brain through the nerve of sight, which leads from the eye to the part of the brain exercising the sense of sight.

"Pa," asked little Blodger of his parent, "what is paper made of?" "Lies!" roared the elder Blodger, who is running for office—"lies! infernal, outrageous, villainous lies!" And the innocent boy wrote it down that way in his composition.

Answers to Inquirers.

J. H. N. (Sumners', Va.)—Yes.

S. B. A. (St. George, S.C.)—So far as we know, they are.

J. B. O. (Winder, Va.)—Lippincott's, publishers, Philadelphia, have the book, or will get it for you.

W. A. G. (Colliersville, N. Y.)—1. As far as we know, they are. 2. The price for the two will be four dollars and fifty cents.

E. T. L. (Powelton.)—We cannot make out your question about the photograph. Spell the first word plainer and write again.

INQUIRER, (Easton, Pa.)—The process is somewhat intricate and we cannot remember the exact ingredients. Inquire of the Scientific American, New York.

J. J. (Oxford, Pa.)—This is a question we have no means of settling. The matter lies between the Dispatch and Whig, neither of which circulates very largely.

A. I. S. (Stinesville, Ind.)—This is a question that only a lawyer can explain. Do not waste valuable time trying to clear it up yourself, but seek legal advice at once.

W. H. C. (Seminole, Fla.)—Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, publish a book specially devoted to such matters. In it you will find not only what you want, but a great deal of similar matter, that will prove very entertaining.

N. J. V. (Newport, Del.)—We are sorry, but as you must know, it is utterly out of our power to give you the desired information. You do not say she resides in this city, and even in that case there might be hundreds of the same name.

G. E. (Craig, Mo.)—We are afraid that the chances are against discovering any man in the world. The best we can advise is to advertise name, description, etc., in the leading papers of the country. 2. Write to one of the Chicago papers, Times or Tribune, enclosing stamp for reply.

J. E. S. (Elk Grove, Wis.)—The predictions are the veriest nonsense. No sane person could possibly put the slightest faith in them. When the world shall come to an end is among the mysteries of the Almighty, and it is hardly likely He has taken this individual into His confidence. 2. No. It is anything but that.

AMPHION, (Dakota)—The stars you have noticed are Venus and Jupiter, the two most brilliant planets in the sky. Any bookstore will furnish you a good and cheap work on astronomy. Even an almanac will be found interesting. Write to Lippincott & Co., this city. 2. We cannot understand the question. 3. Yes.

ANONYMOUS, (Macon, Ga.)—1. Dado is the lower part of a pedestal when speaking of a pillar; the lower part of the moulding in a wainscotted room; and the lower part of the pattern in paper hanging when this is panelled. 2. The term Menier in the phrase "Chocolat Menier," refers to Menier, the great French maker of this article, recently deceased. In English it would be "Menier's Chocolate."

J. W. H. (Allen, Ky.)—1. No. He should send his own picture first. 2. Send it back by all means if desirous of dropping his acquaintance. 3. It is looked upon as wise in choosing a life partner, to select one, if possible of a temperament differing from your own. This difference is usually shown by complexion, etc. 4. No. Ask an explanation before condemning him. 5. We know nothing of them one way or the other.

E. F. M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Your case is merely one of infatuation. You love and yet you do not. Your lover has gone to the West. Why not wait until he comes back? Fretting will not bring the truant to your feet. The heart that once beats responsive to a true love chord will never die of inanition. Selfishness itself is justified when exalted by a consciousness of what is due to worth and personal integrity.

LOTTIE H. (Tioga, Pa.)—The actions of the young man are no less an enigma to us. Perhaps you show your love for him a little too plainly. Try indifference about his coming of an evening, and it might work a beneficial change. So far as we can solve the matter at all, you care more for him than he for you. Under the circumstances, you should not pay any attention to his requests about the other young men. Your accepting their company would compel him to show himself in his true colors and do right by you.

G. H. P. (Atlanta, Ga.)—It is wrong for people to trifle with their health—to attempt producing any particular changes, except under the advice of a good physician. The constitution is a very precarious thing, and will not stand too much tinkering. Still, if you do not think it worth while to speak to a doctor about it, you might try what good drinking a glass of fresh, pure milk every night before going to bed would do. It is said to be extremely fattening, and cannot do harm even if it does no good.

SNOW DROP, (Green Plain, Va.)—1. The author of Lady Hutton's Ward is a woman. 2. It is one of those uses or abuses of language which custom sanctions. Formerly, these entertainments were given in the morning at private houses, and when the theatrical world adopted them in the afternoon, the name matinee was retained. In some circles, also, the idea of morning in salutations is carried through the afternoon. Thus, "good morning" would be said instead of "good afternoon." 3. There is a difference, though sometimes both positions are included in the same person. The "publisher" issues a paper in its full sense, while the "editor" merely looks after the literary matter it contains. 4. It certainly would.

VIOLET. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The reason why you have no "beau" perhaps arises from your manner of treating the young men. If you walk away from them without answering when they address you, it is not surprising you are neglected. If you want to get married, you will have to learn how to treat them better. Your idea of advertising for a husband is what might be expected from a girl who acts as you do. Drop this thought at once. Never, under any circumstances, even if you must be without a beau all your life, think of begging for some man's pity through the papers. You evidently need advice, plenty of it, good, and quickly as possible. If you have a mother, hear what she has to say. Should you not be so lucky, consult some of your girl friends. But whatever you do, learn two things: Behave more like a woman and sensible creature when with men, and give up the notion of advertising for a husband. The last act might be pardoned in a lunatic, but not in a woman who has her senses.

I. O. (Toledo, Ark.)—This is a matter of opinion, and it is consequently impossible to say who is the most renowned physician now living. Every doctor in the world knows him, no doubt, and such being the state of the case, of course we cannot use the information of one to the exclusion of the rest. 2. The difficulty of answering this query is even greater than the above. Were we to ask "who is the greatest orator of the world?" there is hardly an American statesman—precinct, state or national, who would not rise and bow. 3. We must likewise disclaim knowing "who is the wealthiest of all men." Vanderbilt, of New York, with his $200,000,000 is certainly well to do, yet some assert the Rothschilds and other foreign bankers have even more. 4. Another matter of opinion. We assume that in the drinking of whisky, every man must be his own judge of its usefulness or otherwise. Had you asked did we approve of drinking it we would say no. Still, others may drink it and deem it is right to do so. Here we have a difference of taste and judgment. Consequently we will not take it on ourselves to say whether it actually causes harm but to the best of our knowledge and belief, as generally used, it does.

J. W. P. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The number of ambitious young fellows who find themselves deficient in fluency, and who apply for some guide to teach them to speak readily, seems to be very great. It is not easy to give advice, which would be at once efficient, honest, and pleasing to those who ask for it. The fault may arise from deficient ideas. In vain should we seek to supply with words those who are really in lack of thoughts. A man who can talk well and readily on all subjects, must be one who knows something of most subjects. Like Macaulay, he must be a great reader, and have a vast memory; but he may even be all that, and yet he is liable to be overthrown by want of presence of mind or nerve. Such a person should cultivate his will, and, at the risk of being a bore, he should speak at every opportunity, in season and out of season. He should get by heart certain speeches, verses and common forms, by which he could commence a speech; or till his courage returned into which he could adroitly turn when he broke down. These methods, backed by an inflexible will, may make him a ready speaker; but, after all, eloquence—or "gift o' the gab," as the Scotch say—is a natural endowment. A really eloquent man is a born orator. With him a shrug of the shoulders says more than a tirade from a tongue-tied stammerer—his very silence speaks.